CORONET

This Issue Includes
a 16-Page Christmas Song-Book
Christmas Carol
RAYMOND SCOTT



Do You Want Christmas?

Lessons in Sleep

The Great erican Goof

ther Features

DECEMBER, 1940
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN 1/6

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TURN YOUR BACK ON THE HEADLINES AND THE LOUDSPEAKERS FOR A MOMENT, AND PAY YOUR CHILDHOOD A VISIT



WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS?

by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I USUALLY had an answer ready to the question, "What do you want for Christmas?" when I was a child, and I have one ready now. I want a little more of Christmas as it was—well, not precisely as it was, for clocks should never be turned backward—but, at least, as it might be; and very much less of Christmas as it tends to become. I am not speaking of the religious Christmas, the celebration of Christ's birth. That, in churches of all kinds, has not changed much. I am writing of the folk Christmas, the holiday of gift-giving, the family Christmas which is a children's festival, and has only a time and spirit relationship to religion.

I am thoroughly fed up, and thousands are on my side, with the commercialization, the vulgarizing, and the insincerity which are rapidly destroying our folk Christmas today. So much so, that I am willing to risk romanticizing the past in an attempt to describe what a family Christmas seemed like to me at the turn of the century.

It was not like Christmas of, say, 1939, with city streets all decorated on contract at so much a yard, store windows shrieking bargains over the head of a Christ child or a Santa Claus, the lovely familiar sayings of the Bible made platitudinous by advertising, and an unfortunate fir tree paid for by the electric light company and blazing garishly on the square of every suburb. Add community choruses singing badly to the gift-shopping crowds, overburdened postmen distributing millions of postcards carrying insincere messages in bad rhyme from perfectly

sincere people who would never talk that way—and the radio—dear heavens, the radio!

I feel sure that it was not just because I was young that I liked the Christmas of the end of the century so much better. Let me describe one as faithfully as I can, choosing no imaginary scene, but an actual small city on the Eastern seaboard, with my own memory as guide, and real people and real events, as they seemed to me.

IT WAS a half-Southern, part Quaker town in Delaware, well-to-do but not rich, simple but not naïve. Our house was big and comfortable, shabby in the right places, with plenty of closets and storerooms for hiding surprises, and kitchens to smell delightfully of doughnuts and mince pies and jumbles for a week before Christmas. That week, of course, was school vacation. It was a week of Suspense.

Our Christmas time, at least until the day itself, was intensely egoistic, I fear. We were ordered down town to buy cheap, and rather reluctant, presents for our friends and the family. No, I cannot defend the Christmas-giving spirit of the children of that epoch. They knew instinctively, what the commercializers will never discover, that the spirit of folk Christmas is festival, when it is everyone's privilege to be happy in the easiest way. It is more blessed to give than to receive was a moral for the day after.

Sunday School Christmas. This came two or three days ahead of the great time, and, to be truthful, was a dull affair. The chief excitement was to see how big a tree could be hoisted on to the platform of the chapel from which our superintendent led the hymns. But there was, of course, nothing much to put on it, except a few angels, and cornucopias of candy which we knew, by experience, was not very good candy. The pile of oranges underneath was not very stirring either, for oranges were no longer a luxury. So we sang hymns, listened to the Christ story, and went home through the crisp dark, tossing an orange from mitten to mitten, and knowing happily that the real thing was just ahead.

Christmas Eve. The morning of Christmas Eve was like any other morning, unless there was snow and sleighing, or skating on the creek. That is, it was like any other morning if we had remembered to write "Merry Christmas" on all our packages, which we seldom had. On the afternoon the

cousins began to arrive, arms stuffed with packages, and there was a big sit-down supper and children rough-housing and families talking together; yet still it was not quite Christmas Eve. When someone said, "Now, I think—" and gestured toward the children, that really began.

We were far beyond the Santa Claus stage (he was called Kris Kringle in my town); and well aware, of course, that our Christmas came from parents. We knew also, and were already seeing in imagination, what would be waiting for us in the parlor the next morning. But the fiction of surprise was well kept. We said goodnight, and then were called back to be given, each of us, one of the traditional, heavy silk stockings of a Quaker great-grandmother, to be hung over a bed post. That was part of the ritual. We knew what would happen to each stocking, and also downstairs.

And, indeed, a quick ear could detect a bumping as the big square base of the Christmas tree was brought up from the storage cellar. It had, as we knew, a neat little picket fence all about it; and there would be a mossy field inside the fence, with pools made of pieces of looking-glass, and wooden Swiss sheep feeding, with Swiss shepherds watching them, and tiny chalets. But no crèche, no Christ child, no saints. They would have seemed sacrilegious to us, mixed in with the folk Christmas and, I suppose, decidedly idolatrous to our parents who were still good Puritans in spite of their Episcopal connection. Then the big boxes—untouchables—would be brought down from a high shelf where we had often seen them, and the ornaments for the tree, and paper angels (angels were not idolatrous), and the famous chamois cat that always appeared at Christmas, and spangles, and tinsel. There would be no artistic composition in the dressing of this tree, or lights, or showers of metallic fibre. The object was to find every well-known decoration, and recall, if possible, when it first appeared. And tomorrow there would be some things new.

Christmas Morning. Always, while it was still dark, one woke with a start and felt for the stocking, which now was all knobby and distorted. The ritual was to take it down intact, and run downstairs at once to the parents' bed, for this was the children's part especially of Christmas, when they reverted to earliest childhood. And in keeping, the contents of the stockings were reminders of child-

ish tastes. Some things could be counted on, as a dollar in shiny dimes scattered through, and red-cheeked, tiny snow-apples, and mandarins, horns and candy-canes, also, poking out from the top. But the rest of the presents were really jokes—little mechanical toys, and doll's adornings, and puzzles.

Christmas Breakfast. It came early so as to get through with Big Christmas in time for church. Tiny toys were scattered all over the table and the dining-room floor as soon as we sat down. Through the door one could see the parlor curtains drawn tight and there was the strictest injunction not to peek. The long table was full of relatives, every one shouting "Merry Christmas" to one another and children and servants. And then the ritual meal: first, mandarins and snow apples from the stockings, then, skipping dull oatmeal and milk, trays of sliced eggs fried in a bread-crumb gravy, to be eaten with waffles and honey on the side. Breakfast was over—but, first, we had our Christmas duty.

Darkey Christmas. Reluctantly we lifted the servants' table, loaded with gifts, a little tree in the middle of it, and carried it out to the kitchen. But it was fun when we got there. They were all at the table, Richard the waiter at one end and Clara the cook at the other, and such a chorus of "Mercy on me!" and "Did y'ever!" and "What chillun'." and "Look at those beautifiers!" They would all be gone after Christmas dinner, not to return until the next morning, Richard, maybe, not for two or three days.

Big Christmas. The parlor doors were all open when we returned, and the curtains drawn. The tree was even better than imagined—there were the lakes, and the ducks on them, and the chalets on the moss, and the shepherds and sheep. There was the top angel and the little angels, and the glass balls—and some new ones. And there was the miniature ladder which I had forgotten, reaching up mysteriously into the branches. Around the tree were all the little tables in the house, one for each, and each loaded, and a big spill-over pile of presents on the floor. Some things revealed themselves at once. My father took charge then. It was the rule at Big Christmas that only one present should be given and opened at a time.

Church Christmas. By half past ten we were dressed in new neckties or scarves, and ready. Father in his silk hat led with mother and

an aunt. We followed. And so did all the other fathers in silk hats or derbies, with the young people behind. The organ was chanting music so gay and cheerful that it sounded like a party; the church hangings were all white and gold, and the altar was banked with flowers. And, while they passed the offertory plates piled with green bills, a soprano sang a melody that lifted you up into some emotional, spiritual height out of folk Christmas into religion—or so we thought. It was a race home for dinner.

Christmas Dinner. Turkeys must have been scarcer then. I cannot remember having turkey except at Christmas and New Year. Our Christmas dinner was a stage setting for a tremendous brown bird. When we got home from church, the dining-room had been darkened, and was lit with candles only. The cloth was ritual too. It was a long linen strip embroidered in green and red holly, and with a Christmas poem in red German script that ran all the way round the table, and never got all translated. Sprigs of holly lay on the table, and all the best family silver, glass, and china was set out. There was marvelous soup, and marvelous turkey, and marvelous corn bread, and not so good salad, and then ice cream *and* mince pie *and* plum pudding. You were more uncomfortable after all the stuffing than you dared admit.

The two grandfathers were at either end of the table—one with a white beard and a high forehead, the other with a grizzled beard and quizzical eyes. After dinner they moved together, drank glasses of wine, and began to reminisce. The Quaker grandfather with the white beard made me feel a harmony in existence, as if this Christmas spirit was at the back of all reality. But it was the old ironmaster who told the best stories.

Christmas Visiting. The rule was, read your new books till four o'clock. At four we loaded up with portable presents, such as nickel watches or balls, and raced round the neighborhood. Sometimes we could get in half a dozen other Christmases. Everyone had a tree, but none so good as yours. Yet each Christmas room was different. The procedure was, first, to say thank you, if you had been sent a present, then to compliment the tree. After that came inspection of the best presents, and experiments with all that could be played with—like air guns or toy typewriters or games or dolls. It beat any party, and there was a

bitter-sweet quality to it of envy mixed with pride. There was always something you had wanted. It was interesting to observe the difference in households, happy ones where parents and children were still all together, and cross ones where someone snapped from upstairs, the room was all tidied up, and you were shown the door.

Christmas Letters. Day after day you put them off, or wrote, "Dear Aunt Molly—Your beautiful knife —" and stuck. At last you were locked in the library and not allowed out until they were done.

End of Christmas. This came New Year's night. Everyone helped to undress the tree. The shepherds and the sheep went into their boxes. The angels folded away. The tinsel stripped off. Then the tree came down with a slithering of dry needles. End of that Christmas, and school tomorrow.

Does all this seem childish? I doubt if it was. There was not a wish, not an act, not a bit of etiquette in this American Christmas that was not traditional, instinctive, unforced. Nobody stimulated it, nobody stereotyped it, nobody vulgarized it. Folk-lore perhaps, not very religious, quite selfish, but happy and rich in good will.

Henry Seidel Canby is one of those learned individuals who doesn't read encyclopaedias—but helps write them. Aside from this secondary distinction, Mr. Canby has been a member of the editorial board of the Saturday Review of Literature since 1924, is chairman of the judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and has written several extremely literate volumes on that most difficult of all subjects—writing. He recently began work on an excitingly-titled book, to be called "Walt Whitman's America."

WHO'S SHEEPISH NOW?

DR. ROBERT KOCH, the great bacteriologist, was forgetful of small things. He therefore arranged with his housekeeper to undertake the chore of supplying presents for the birthdays of his close friends and their families. One day Dr. Koch was called to examine the small daughter of a friend. He saw the sick child in bed playing with a large wool sheep. The doctor turned wrathfully to the parent. "Such toys are breeding places for bacteria," he exclaimed. "Only an idiot would give a child such dangerous playthings."

His friend smiled. "Indeed," he said, "it was your gift on Helen's last birthday."

—ALBERT BRANDT

LEND YOUR EAR TO GREGORY RATOFF, THE GREATER, WHOSE RATTLEOFFS RATE PAR FOR THE HOLLYWOOD COURSE



ALL IS NOT GOLDWYN

by MARTIN LEWIS

ORSON WELLES stole his thunder; Samuel Goldwyn stole his blunder; that's Gregory Ratoff. For Gregory is the man who, when Welles was but a beardless boy, invented the career of writer-producer-director-actor for himself; Ratoff is the man who originally rattled off many of the remarks that may be found under the category of Goldwynisms.

Gregory the Greater, whose most notable directorial effort was *Intermezzo*, and whose positively last appearance as a ham actor, he vows, is alongside John Barrymore in *The Great Profile*, is now a free man in filmland, producing-directing pictures which, he hopes, will at last enable him to express himself at his best. And at his best, he has something very real to contribute to the perfection of scene-tempo in screen playing. Now a free-lance with half a dozen pictures on his schedule, he has just escaped, as the saying goes, from five years as a prisoner of Zanuck, yet with all of his admiration for Darryl intact.

It was Darryl Zanuck who started Ratoff on his four-way career. Some years ago the mere actor, Ratoff, was putting in a few days at Monte Carlo, when whom should he run into but producer Zanuck. Gregory is by natural structure and temperament like a supercharged steam roller, and the combination of Monte Carlo and Zanuck was a high-octane gas for him. On the spot he sputtered off an idea, a plot, a picture, and it was *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo*. (The man later turned out to be Ronald Colman.) Mr. Zanuck peeled off $10,000 for the

story created on location by fast-talking Gregory. To celebrate, they went back to the gaming room. Mr. Ratoff proceeded to play life is like the movies, only it came out as *The Man Whom the Bank of Monte Carlo Broke*. With the $10,000 gone, he convinced Darryl that Ratoff should be the first four-ace in films, and when they got together again in Hollywood, Gregory Ratoff was all set for five years of writing-producing-directing-acting.

RATOFF was extremely proud of his four-way contract, and took quite a bit of kidding on the subject, at first. When assigned to *Under Two Flags* as a mere actor, he complained that he had no opportunity to exercise the other functions mentioned in his agreement. So one day director Frank Lloyd said, "Greg, now here is a chance for you to work on the writing part of your contract. You can change this next line you have to say, if you want to." The line was "I paid fifty sous for *this!*" Gregory the Writer pondered, and altered it to "I paid forty-five sous, for *this!*"

It is from speed-pressure that some of the best Rattleoffs spring. In his early directorial days Gregory was trying hard to establish a reputation as a "fast shooter." This lust for the quick, inexpensive production goes back to his stage-play career, of which he remarks, "I am the original shoe-string producer, and I cannot get out of my blood that shoe-stringiness; I try to do them all fast." So, as he was shoe-stringing his first film, someone asked him when he planned to finish shooting. "Saturday!" the steam-rolling Ratoff vowed. "I will finish shooting on Saturday, even it if takes till Monday night!" This Rattle-off, within a few months, was being universally repeated under the preamble, "Did you hear the latest Goldwynism?"

Another source of much of Ratoff's reputation is in his excitability, and in his positivism. He is never at a loss for an opinion, and it is never half-way. Thus, Gregory is the man who invented that celebrated critical criterion, "A thing is either sansashunul or it steenks. And this steenks." Ratoff's accent is as thick as frozen borscht; it can be delivered in English, French, German, Italian, and probably Babylonian.

Ratoff's co-star, in his early acting-producing days, was the graceful comedienne, Eugenie Leontovich, now, for some eighteen years, Mrs. Ratoff. This

hangs up a domestic as well as a career record for the versatile Gregory. He has advice on how professional folk can be successfully married: "Keep in touch." When Leontovich is performing on the road, the long-distance tolls are something terrific. Once, when she was starring in *Tovarich* in London, a trans-ocean call caught Gregory on the set. The cast couldn't help sharing the performance. For ten minutes Ratoff spouted a ceaseless flow of Russian-French-English across the ocean. Suddenly he hung up. "I couldn't hear a word she said!" he complained.

GREGORY vows he is through with acting. Directing, producing, he can work eighteen hours daily, with pleasure. "Acting, I am more tired in one hour, than a whole day directing."

And yet his method as a director is to act. All of his performing inhibitions are released. Some directors explain, some coax, some hypnotize performances out of their casts. Not Ratoff. He is the kind of director who acts all the parts, himself. No role fazes him. When he was directing Zorina in *I Was an Adventuress*, Gregory showed the ballet-dancer how to dance, nearly breaking his back in the effort. Though it is quite common for directors to demonstrate to their leading men how to kiss the leading ladies, Ratoff goes everybody else one better in such scenes. Richard Greene learned this, to his double-chagrin, when he had to kiss Zorina. First Ratoff said, "Now I will show you how to kiss," and took Zorina from his arms. But immediately afterwards, Ratoff informed Zorina, "Now I will show you how to kiss," and the startled Richard Greene found himself in a Russian bear-hug.

The legend goes that when Ratoff was directing *Lancer Spy*, he acted out Lionel Atwill's part, then acted out Virginia Field's part in a certain scene, and having demonstrated both roles to his own satisfaction, cried: "Cut, now we do the next shot!"

Ratoff keeps his eye so excitedly on the ball that he often entirely forgets himself. Once, on the set of *Daytime Wife*, he raised a stormy hullabaloo about cigarette-smoke curling before the camera. "Stop that smoking!" he roared. It took some time for folks to get him to understand that the only lit cigarette on the premises was in his own gesticulating hand. Another time, Ratoff complained about dimness of lighting, totally

forgetful of the fact that he was wearing a pair of smoked glasses.

In spite of the shoe-stringiness of which he complains, Ratoff can be a perfectionist about getting the effect of a line of dialogue. In directing *Wife, Husband and Friend*, the sweating maestro made a dozen attempts on a single Warner Baxter line: "All I can say is you're an old phoof!" Ratoff wanted each word enunciated just so.

After long labor, he had the line spoken and registered to his satisfaction. "Now tell me please," he demanded of his assistant, "what is a phoof?"

In addition to his fourfold array of theatrical talents, studio folk insist that Gregory is also master of the strip tease. Each day, when directing, he comes to the set elaborately attired. As the work proceeds, he sheds first his coat, then his tie; he changes shirts a few times, and finally discards that item altogether; then off go his shoes, his socks. Even the peaked Russian cap which he traditionally wears at work is discarded in the heat of creative effort. By the end of the day, Gregory the Greater is making cinema art in an undershirt and pair of pants.

Maybe that's why, when needing the stand-ins, during the filming of a recent epic, he turned to his bewildered crew with a perfect Rattleoff. "Please," he demanded in thunderous tones, "where are my step-ins?"

KNOWING WITHOUT THINKING

MARY ELLEN CHASE, the educator, recounts that she was once trying to teach an especially stupid boy English grammar. He was having an especially horrible time with adverbs.

Trying to simplify the subject as much as possible, she informed him that most adverbs of manner ended in *ly*, and as examples she wrote on the blackboard *quickly, slowly, gently*. Then she turned to her pupil and said: "I want you to think quietly and give me some adverbs of manner of your own." Replied the bright one: "I don't have to think—*July*."

—ARTHUR HENDERSON

YOU PAY IN ADVANCE, YOU LIVE LIKE A PRINCE AND YOU ARE REALLY CURED, AT LEAST TEMPORARILY



THE KEELEY CURE

by KENT SAGENDORPH

HIS name is Mike, and he is a giant of a man. To the patients, he is the Keeley Cure; he is the Institute personified in the body of an Irish schoolmaster who towers six-feet-four and whose handshake is like a rock-crusher. Great men and ordinary wage-earners all over the country remember Mike. His precepts form an unwritten code of behavior at Keeley. He is head attendant; he has been there forty-six years and sometimes he remembers these erring patients' grandfathers when they were patients too.

"Now, then," says Mike, gently, "we don't smoke cigarettes in the dining-room. Just a few simple things we don't do here. That's one o' them. Remember, this is Keeley Institute."

Even for a private medical institution, the atmosphere is more than ordinarily paternalistic. The management doesn't come out bluntly and state that its boys and girls are wayward and must be brought back gently to the straight and narrow. But it conveys that idea. Mike's rules are not posted on the walls nor printed in a booklet. But they are there, and so is Mike. He seems to be everywhere.

In the paneled dining-room are heavy, gleaming silver services, and stiffly-creased linen. The floor is thickly carpeted. There is hardly a sound. On the numerous small tables are prodigious cakes, swelling up to the size of top hats in pride; haughty with whipped cream. There are pies that can be found nowhere but in a shortening advertisement. Keeley coffee is especially selected and blended from the choicest imports. Many patients have never seen the

chef's art at its spectacular best until they arrive at the Institute to take the cure. Some of them think these delicacies are wax dummies, put there to stimulate appetite.

Superb food is part of the cure. Just what part, nobody knows. Each patient is restricted to an individual diet, but apparently the diet consists of just as much fine food as he can absorb. "This is the damndest place," muttered a patient who is a judge in private life. "They seem to have found a means of curing alcoholism the easy way."

THIS mysterious cure, the Keeley Cure of American folk-lore, is a combination of most of the physical pleasures of life, adulterated by Mike's philosophical ultimatums. Behind it lies sixty-one years of medical experience with patients massing high into the thousands. All through national prohibition, Keeley sailed ruggedly along. Lately, with the tempo of national life rushing pell-mell toward hysteria, Keeley is once more running close to capacity. Its books show a startling parallel to the national prosperity curve. When people have easy money, Keeley is crowded. When the pressure of high-speed days, and of nights crammed with riotous relaxation, finally crack a man's constitution, he is prone to remember the phrase "Keeley Cure" and wonder about it.

Keeley is only one of hundreds of institutions which treat alcoholism. Like the Model T, the Cure is part of the U. S. lexicon. The Keeley Cure entered the vernacular back in the heyday of vaudeville during the Gay Nineties, or so the records show. Jokes about it grow increasingly these days, as they did forty years ago. Rumors say that it was founded by the Salvation Army and is subsidized by the prohibitionists. Patients sometimes enter expecting to find the Methodist Board of Temperance and Public Morals in iron control and prayers five times a day.

Only recently a political spellbinder plugging Republicanism on the radio told his hearers that it was time to give the nation the Keeley Cure to abolish the national hangover. There are enough wheezes about the place to fill a library. Some of them are collected at Keeley.

Of course, they are all misleading. Keeley has no religious affiliation; is not tax-supported, in fact is a conservative private business. It is a collection of imposing

mansions, with many-pillared porticoes, serenely isolated in a sea of bright lawn. It is a fenced-in community on the outskirts of Dwight, Illinois, a village heavily dominated by the Institute and the rich families which have operated it for many years.

Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, the founder, was a military doctor with the Union forces during the Civil War. He found an appalling prevalence of alcoholism among the troops; a percentage high enough to be a national scandal. He resolved to fight it, and became a ranking authority on the subject. Among medical men his fame became international.

After the war he settled down in Dwight as a consulting physician to the Chicago and Alton Railroad, which was building its main line south from Chicago. Alcoholism among track-workers was a major problem, and an obstacle to completion of the job on schedule. There at Dwight, Dr. Keeley founded a small private sanitarium to treat patients who could pay for a cure. His remedies are in use today in their original form. Modern medicine has contributed some slight additions, but the basic form of treatment remains unchanged.

At Dr. Keeley's death in 1900, the secret formula passed to Dr. James H. Oughton, his partner, who presently bought out the other heirs and owned the business outright. When Dr. Oughton died, the secret passed to Dr. Robert E. Maupin, who, since 1904, has been chief of the medical staff. The Oughton family owns Keeley as a closed corporation.

Dr. Maupin, an elderly gentleman of rigid dignity, defines the cure as "a series of medications, internal and external, combined with proper food and complete rest." And he lets it go at that; to questions about the chemical makeup of the formula he remains silent. He was quick to deny, however, that the formula contains gold or has any connection whatever with rival gold cures. A blunt question as to whether it contains digitalis drew this: "Sir, you are entitled to your opinion."

Medically, it is not a specific. It is given in small doses by intravenous injection in the arm four times a day to each patient. The cure requires twenty-eight days, during which the patient must stay there, dining luxuriously, amusing himself with golf, games and gossip. When the lawns and golf greens are snowbound, there is a big gymnasium full of elec-

trical gadgets and heavy handballs. Nobody insists that the patients exercise there, although there is a burly athletic coach and a rub-down crew to serve them should they so desire.

Dr. Maupin, like Dr. Keeley, regards alcoholism as a disease of the nervous system, with secondary effects upon the digestive tract. He treats it as such. Patients who arrive with heavy hangovers are sometimes found to be suffering from arthritis, rheumatism, locomotor ataxia, or jaundice too. Very often they have severe stomach ulcers. All these troubles are treated during the same period; the patient gets a general overhaul. Frequently, much to the patients' surprise, they leave Keeley firmly weaned away from cigarettes, and smoke pipes afterward.

The management likes to hold up the patients as a typical cross-section of the U. S. public. It collects statistics to show how many from all the major occupations come to Keeley; one out of eight is a farmer, one out of nine is a salesman, one out of eleven is a merchant and one out of forty is a physician. But there are four times as many physicians as bartenders. And more lawyers than any other professional group.

In the dining-hall a multi-millionaire and a small-salaried clerk might occupy the same table, neither knowing the other's identity. A generous sprinkling of ladies at the tables looks as if the feminine part of the population was unduly alcoholic. But these ladies are not patients. They are *wives* of patients; down here to see that hubby takes all the cure and nothing but the cure, and doesn't stray off somewhere to sneak a snort or two. Feminine patients have a separate building, a goodly distance away. Things have been found to work out better that way.

Is THE Keeley Cure actually a cure? The answer depends upon circumstances. If a patient resolves to stay cured, he usually does. When he is released he has no pathological craving for liquor. He is freed from it as a form of addiction. But there are no strings on him after he leaves. If he wants to celebrate his release by going on a big binge, he gets no permanent benefit from the cure whatever. Dr. Maupin says: "we train teetotalers. They must leave liquor strictly alone. If they begin to experiment in the 'take-it-or-leave-it-alone' manner, the cure does not help much. We rehabilitate them to the point where they

don't *have* to drink, and we warn them not to. The rest is beyond our control."

The management won't admit repeaters oftener than once in six months. But they are thinning out; the Institute hasn't room to fool with them. The price has remained at the same figure for a generation or more. Basic cost is $225. But at that minimum a patient must live in a boarding-house in the village, coming to the Institute only for his shots. Accommodations at the Lodge, the Clubhouse and the other more luxurious mansions comes higher. All patients pay in advance and hand over their spending money to the business office. If they want to buy pipe tobacco, they have to ask for a dime to get it. Folding money in the pocket is a great temptation, especially with Chicago only seventy miles away.

They call each other by picturesque nicknames. A patient whose name and face might be famous throughout America will walk around the clubroom on his first day and say: "My name's Thomas A. Edison. What's yours?" He'll find, among his fellow-patients, Confucius, Bismarck, Charlie McCarthy and Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones. A visitor being shown through the place sees any ordinary group of successful men, relaxed as they might be in the lounge of a wealthy country club. Introductions go thus: "This is the judge. Meet Doc Sawbones. We call this fellow Lawyer Amos Q. Snood. Hey, Baldy, come over and shake hands with the new guy."

The husband of a state WCTU president was one of the patients. Keeley has sheltered U. S. senators, federal judges, many a business tycoon. It has cured alcoholics who are named for its founder, such as Leslie Keeley Smith or Jones. Keeley has cured thousands of "barbiturate" cases; victims of too-powerful sleeping drugs like nembutol or luminol. Once there was a patient, a big-bellied proprietor of a roadside lunchroom, who had acquired the awe-inspiring habit of downing seventy cups of black coffee a day.

The Institute offers a cure for almost any form of addiction. It is a strange mixture of the ivied past and the factual, scientific present. Its spreading mansions are pure Grover Cleveland exteriors, with interiors by clever young decorators and colored bathrooms in glass. Some of the staff remember the founder as if he left the office yesterday. They are either elderly conservatives or

youthful enthusiasts. Present executive head of Keeley is a wind-tanned young athlete with the look of Dartmouth all over him. He, James H. Oughton, Jr., Dartmouth '35, is still in his late twenties, and Leslie Keeley is just a legend to him.

He is the third-generation Oughton to hold the reins of Keeley. Old Mike, his great paw lying on his boss's shoulder with Irish affection, said: "I served with his father. Yes, and with his grandfather too. Great men; famous men. Young Jim, here, is another of 'em. They've done a lot of good in the world, mind you."

"Aw, shucks," blushed the boss. "This place isn't a tradition any more. It's a business."

And so it has come to pass that there is another taboo—one more entry in the list of things we don't do here. We don't make any more wisecracks about the place. Remember, this is Keeley Institute.

SHARE THE WEALTH

JACOB, Baron de Rothschild, of Paris, a member of the famous banking family, was highly respected for his astuteness in dealing with difficult situations.

During the siege of Paris, in the final days of the Franco-Prussian War, a wild-eyed band of socialists, armed to the teeth, invaded his bank.

"You are immensely wealthy," they cried, "while we have nothing. Such a state of affairs cannot continue to exist. We tell you that you must share with the people!"

"Very well," said the Baron calmly. "At how much do you estimate my fortune?"

"We should judge it at about a hundred million francs," said one of the band.

"So be it! I have, accordingly, one hundred millions to share with the people—that is, with forty million individuals. Each one will therefore be entitled to a little less than three francs. However, I shall be generous, and make it three. Come, my friends, and each one take his share." And he started to count out to each one the three francs due him.

The socialists took their money and retired in confusion; and the wealthy Baron was never molested again.

—BLANCHE S. KAHN



ABBOTT LABORATORIES COLLECTION



WHITE DECEMBER BY DALE NICHOLS



ST. PATRICK'S—ON FIFTH AVENUE

Two Etchings

by Andrew Karoly

COURTESY OF ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS GALLERIES, NEW YORK



INTERIOR—ST. PATRICK'S



BALD MEN STILL SELL US HAIR-RESTORERS
AND WE STILL RESCUE "SPANISH PRISONERS,"
AS SWINDLERS TILL THESE FERTILE FIELDS



THE GREAT AMERICAN GOOF

by FRANK W. BROCK

WHEN they signed a petition circulated on the University of Akron campus, one hundred and sixty persons agreed to cut off their own heads. The mass suicide compact was promoted by the University's newspaper.

Annoyed by a flood of petitions and by the universal practice of signing without reading them, the editors cooked up the "petition to end petitions." Its introduction declared that the birthday of Hezzleton E. Simmons, president of the University, should be celebrated as a holiday. The second paragraph included the statement, "We do resolve that this day be spent in merrymaking and leisure, at which time each of us will decapitate himself with extreme joy, thereby showing to the fullest extent his appreciation of the tireless efforts of President Simmons."

Professors as well as students put their names to the resolution. The only person approached who refused to sign was Sergeant C. H. Ghee, the school's military training instructor. He read, grinned, walked away. The others were unmercifully razzed in the student paper. Since then (1934), the experiment has been tested on several campuses with similar results.

Amusing as it is, the hoax has serious implications, because, figuratively speaking, thousands of Americans are decapitating themselves every day. It helps prove—if proof is needed—that we are a criminally careless nation, buying anything, signing anything or joining anything without knowing the very first thing about it.

It required an Act of Congress and the SEC to stop us from buy-

ing fake stocks to the tune of more than a billion dollars a year, but the SEC imprimatur does not guarantee safe stocks even today, so the danger isn't over yet. Tipster sheets from Canada have recently reappeared and so we may export a few millions for more bathroom wallpaper.

ONE OF THE saddest features is that we do these things *en masse*. It is only reasonable to expect that the country contains enough goofs to make existence easy for a few petty larceny swindlers; but when 75,000 seemingly intelligent men of draft age, and not in their dotage, join the Mantle Club we ask "Why?" It cannot be because they are ignorant of the fact that the promoter, Hugh B. Monjar, operated the discredited Decimo Club ten years ago. That is one of the first things they are told when they sign an application for membership, and yet they join gleefully and pay $20 apiece for the privilege and $2 a month dues.

"Oh well," you say, "that can happen, but how about men with some business sense? They don't go for those things."

For the past ten years Better Business Bureaus have warned business men about the "advance fee" or "front money" racket, but despite these warnings, which have been widely circulated, the racketeers posing as "investment counselors" continued to cast their sucker-bait in the form of classified ads:

> NEED CAPITAL?
> Corporations may be financed on commission basis only. Write Blank & Company.

The many firms who responded were first told that the new capital would be forthcoming almost immediately. The only necessary preliminary was an "appraisal" of the company's physical properties to be made by representatives of the "financiers" for which they collected fees ranging up to $1,000. Once the appraisal fee was collected however, the matter was either dropped or, if the fish was still biting, further demands were made for "expenses" for a new stock issue. But no new capital was ever supplied.

But to get back to us. In 1939 the overworked fraud division of the post office suppressed 275 fraudulent enterprises ranging from correspondence schools to horoscope sellers and from patent medicines to beauty aids. Somebody patronized all of them, and in no inconsiderable number either. One correspondence school, whose principals were convicted,

had 7,000 students who were paying for useless knowledge. Ten times that number contributed $174,000 to a Milwaukee gyp for non-workable jobs.

Numberless women spent countless dollars through the mails for preparations to develop their busts, to reduce their busts, to grow hair, to remove hair—or to restore its natural color, an impossibility—or they bought sneak nostrums to slip into their husband's coffee to cure him of the drink or tobacco habit without his knowledge. One gentleman who peddled a concoction via the mails to "replenish and regenerate the hair" was bald, and another who sold a device guaranteed to improve your eyesight without the aid of glasses was himself unable to read without them. Frauds all, and very profitable frauds too.

When Canada entered the War, the Dominion authorities prudently enacted a "War Charities Act" which brought all charity funds under government supervision. Prompt prosecution quickly reduced fake charities to the minimum and today a Canadian charity dollar is 100 per cent charitable, with no promoter's cuts.

Charity chiselers in the United States incorporate their rackets under religious names and thereby become immune to various weak and faultily-drawn state laws and city ordinances which might otherwise render them liable to prosecution. Racketeers have no God but money and most of their piety is camouflage. In Pennsylvania, the state Department of Welfare refused a license to a well-known organization because it was conceded in court that as much as 75 per cent of public collections, ostensibly for charity, went to the collectors, and that the manager spent long winter vacations in Florida on remittances mailed him from the office.

In Cleveland, a group of professional charity promoters' battery of telephones brought them an income estimated at $75,000 a year. Cleveland supported them for five years before the government convicted them this year of mail fraud, of all things.

Every week three or four chivalrous — but greedy — wild-eyed goofs rush to Mexico with from $3,000 to $5,000 to "rescue" a mythical prisoner who has promised them (by mail) a third split of his $185,000 stolen fortune and the custody of his beautiful 16-year-old daughter until he is released from a Mexican hoosegow.

(That gets 'em.) American postal authorities have issued more than a hundred fraud orders against Mexican operators of the scheme —which is the successor of the "Spanish Prisoner" swindle transplanted to Mexico—in an effort to divert the flow of cash. But the old Mexican oil still bewitches us.

Why can't we be satisfied to patronize home industries? We have a fine line of domestic rackets designed especially for doctors, lawyers, ministers, housewives, authors, travelers or what are you? They range in cost from the twenty-five cents we pay street pitchmen for useless "static eliminators" for our radios to the $100,000 take of the "racing syndicate" representatives who are still doing business as usual. You meet them in hotel lobbies: "Pardon me, is this your wallet?" Then look out, Mr. Goof.

How MUCH do the goofs cost us? Well, according to the New York Crime Commission our annual fraud tax is $55 for every adult in the United States and, they say, this tax is a double one; paid once when it is given to the swindler and again because the money is diverted from legitimate business channels. Mr. Goof, it is argued, cannot buy an automobile if he is gypped out of the money he has saved but, on the other hand, the swindler might buy the same car for himself with Mr. Goof's money —or a better one—so that line of reasoning may be a little cockeyed. However, it's much more fun to wake up *with* the car—or the bankroll—than without it.

It isn't so difficult to avoid being swindled. Caution and common sense help a lot and these should lead you to someone who knows the facts. *Before* you draw a large sum of money from the bank to hand over to a comparative stranger, discuss the matter with your banker, particularly if the stranger tells you not to. Bankers can obtain credit and other information not available to the ordinary individual and if they err it will be on the side of caution.

If you live in or near a city which has a Better Business Bureau consult them by all means. No Bureau ever makes any charge to a member of the public for its services. The sixty-odd Bureaus throughout the United States and Canada are constantly exchanging information and their files contain data describing hundreds of frauds and thousands of swindlers. Some of this is contained in a recent twenty-four-page booklet *Facts You Should Know about Schemes.*

Just one sentence from the introduction:

"Above all, the swindler tries to prevent his victims from making an investigation or, when this is impossible, to discredit what he knows in advance will be the outcome of that investigation."

The Bureaus have epitomized their experience of twenty-five years into two slogans: "Read Before You Sign," and "Before You Invest, Investigate." Notice those words "before"? Mr. Goof does it *after*wards.

——*Suggestions for further reading:*

CRIME IS A BUSINESS
by John C. R. MacDonald $3.00
Stanford University Press
Palo Alto, Calif.

ROBBERY BY MAIL
by Karl Baarslag $2.50
Farrar & Rinehart, New York

BROADWAY RACKETEERS
by John O'Connor $2.50
Liveright Publ. Corp., New York

QUESTIONS ON ETIQUETTE

Question: What do you do if somebody takes you to the theatre or the movies, costing you nothing whatsoever, and they ask you how you liked the show, and you thought it was punk?

Q: Should you come out and say so?

Q: But if you do that, are you not failing to appreciate their hospitality?

Q: If they had asked you to dinner, and asked you how you liked the dinner, you couldn't very well say it was terrible, could you?

Q: And by the same token it would not be good taste to reflect on a birthday or Christmas present they had given you, would it?

Q: Doesn't it therefore follow that you must be a polite guest, and say the show was swell?

Q: *But*, suppose the show was an obvious turkey?

Q: If you come out and say it was swell, won't your hosts regard you as a half-wit?

Q: And such being the case, won't they cross you off their acquaintance list as somebody too dumb for them to be seen with?

Q: Accordingly, isn't it better to brand the show a flop?

Q: *But*, may not that cause them to cross you off their list as an ungrateful cad?

Q: It's a tough problem any way you look at it, yes no?

—PARKE CUMMINGS

All sunlight casts a shadow—and all truth has its dark counterpart. It is from that murky area, the shadowy regions of the unexplainable and therefore the forgotten, that the following tales are taken.

FORGOTTEN MYSTERIES

THERE is a jagged, sun-blasted crater on the moon which appears much like the rest of our battered satellite. But for over a century there have been whispers of strange doings on the floor of that crater.

In the years 1783 and 1787, Sir William Herschel reported seeing lights on that region of the moon. In 1847, Rankin claimed to have seen luminous points during an eclipse. Four other instances of lights were reported during the next few years. A fantastic but interesting observation was made of lights "that looked like torches of a procession."

And in 1937 William H. Pickering, one of America's best known astronomers, stated that "there are reasons for believing that there is life on the moon." His observations applied particularly to the region near the same crater.

Scientific observations which do not fit into the matrix of accepted belief have nowhere to go but the land of the forgotten.



PERHAPS it is on the theory that they have enough to explain anyway that psychologists have consigned the case of Rev. Thomas Hanna to the land of the forgotten. Yet it is perhaps the strangest of all instances of split personality. Certainly it is one

of the best authenticated, investigated as it was by Drs. Boris Sidis, S. Goodhart, William McDougall, Morton Prince, and a half-dozen others.

Hanna suffered a heavy fall which rendered him unconscious. When consciousness returned, it was discovered that he had the mind of a new born child. He could not distinguish between movements of his own body and those of external objects. He understood no language, had no sense of time, and perceived all objects as at the same distance from his eyes.

However, he learned with unbelievable speed, and at the end of two months had developed a completely new personality. He still had not the slightest memory of his previous life. Then his old personality suddenly returned. This state lasted for a day, then the new personality regained control. The two continued to alternate for some time.

At last there occurred one of the strangest psychological phenomena of all time. Hanna fell into a deep trance-like condition in which he answered questions in such a way as to show that he had access to the memories of both personalities. When he recovered from the trance, his personality was a mixture of the two.

But the strange thing is that during that trance the two personalities were struggling against each other, while "he" was trying to decide which to choose.

Two personalities struggling in the same brain, while the ego tried to choose between them—no wonder the psychologists sent it to the realm of the forgotten.



IT WAS 3:00 A.M. on the morning of June 10, 1909, and the Danish East Asiatic company's steamship *Bintang* was ploughing through the darkness in the Straits of Malacca, when Captain Gabe saw a vast revolving wheel of light apparently just below the surface of the water. In his words:

"Long arms issued from a center around which the whole system appeared to rotate." So vast was the wheel that only half of it could be seen at a time, the rest lying beyond the horizon.

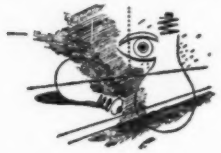
Captain Gabe made sure the rays could not come from any known source. There were no other ships in the vicinity. The rays could not be caused by the lights of the *Bintang* as the luminous arms were too vast, came from a different direction than the ship's lights, and traveled at a different speed than the *Bintang*.

The great wheel slowly approached the ship, growing dimmer and seeming to sink deeper into the water. At last it vanished.

Were there, perhaps, strange doings beneath the sea on that quiet June night? Whatever the answer, the record is in a publication of the Danish Meteorological Institute.

—R. DEWITT MILLER

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IS HERE TO STAY: WHY NOT LEARN TO USE IT WITHOUT INJURING YOUR EYES?



COMMON SENSE IN HOME LIGHTING

by SIDNEY A. FOX, M. D.

IT IS less than fifty years since electricity was first used as a general illuminant. And in this short time we have managed to acquire many bad lighting habits.

It is not necessary for us to be playboys who "rise with the moon and go to bed with the sun" to be dependent on artificial illumination these days. Most of us burn the candle—an electric candle—at both ends because we cannot help it. In school, office, factory, hospital and home, modern conditions force many of us to work during the day and to relax at night under man-made light.

Air and light are still free, but real estate is a much more valuable commodity than it was in the days when the original American roamed the plains. Especially in our urban communities, buildings are erected so close together for economic reasons that the daylight is squeezed out between them.

Even in the more sparsely settled areas our ordered, timetabled existence has forced us to counteract the variables of time, weather and light by shutting our commercial activities into shelters in which light and temperature are artificial and hence more constant and dependable. If a shipment of bombers is due on a certain day, an "act of God," such as a dark, cloudy day, must not interfere with the schedule—even if daylight is better and costs nothing.

Many of our homes are lighted for beauty, not utility. We not only obscure our windows during the day with dark shades and drapes, but at night we make our homes cozy and romantic and

"interesting"—but not very habitable from a lighting standpoint.

In our schools, the story is the same. Medical literature abounds in reports of inadequate lighting. A recent exhaustive study made at several of our large Eastern universities showed woefully inadequate lighting facilities in library, dormitory, laboratory and class room under both daylight and artificial illumination. Surveys of factories, hospitals and office buildings show the same thing, and report increased efficiency and well-being with improved conditions of illumination.

It must not be inferred from this that matters were better in earlier days. On the contrary, they were much worse. But much less was done at night or under artificial illumination in the past. Illumination by man has helped stretch our day into night and many of us begin where Grandpa left off.

On the whole, there is no objection to this because our eyes can "take it." Luckily, they have efficiency reserves which can be stepped up tremendously to meet environmental requirements of wide variations in intensity of illumination. It is true that we of this day are constantly drawing on these reserves. But that's what we have them for and the eyes are standing up pretty well under the strain. So we work our light-adapted eyes in comparatively minimal illuminations with no apparent damage to most of us—providing we do not push them beyond their normal capacities with the wrong kind of illumination. *Now, what is the right kind of light?*

EYE PHYSICIANS agree that light must be "good" both quantitatively and qualitatively. The *amount* of light necessary for the human eye is a subject which has been debated long and far and loud. A clear-cut standard of illumination can't be set for all, but the consensus is that 10 or 12 foot-candles of light is a good norm for the average eye. This is approximately the amount of direct light given by the ordinary white frosted 40 watt bulb *with a good reflector* at a distance of 24 inches.

The term "foot-candle" comes from the old fashioned sperm candle of definite size and weight and refers to the amount of light given by it at a distance of one foot. We now use an electric lamp of the same intensity, so standardized that the same light can always be reproduced accurately.

If a 100-watt white frosted bulb is used it would only give about one foot-candle of light 10 feet away and 20 foot-candles if only one foot away. The strength of light, you remember, increases as the square of the distance, *i.e.*, there is nine times as much light one foot away as three feet away from the same light source.

Of course, the 10 or 12 foot-candle standard is a normal which is abnormal to many eyes. For defective eyes, for fine work, for very small or poor print and for old eyes, higher light intensities may often be necessary and are welcome. For the nearsighted with his wide pupil, for the albino with his inadequate eye pigment, less light may be a good deal more comfortable. Many who cannot bear a "normal" amount of light are either wearing improper glasses or none at all when they should. Even in normal eyes light tolerance may vary from day to day.

How about the *quality* of light? It must be diffuse and glareless for maximum comfort. And it has been found that an adequate quantity of light can give much discomfort if not of the proper quality. Sufficient light, then, does not always mean sufficiently good light. And often the stronger the light, the greater the discomfort because of increased glare. Working in the direct rays of an unprotected electric bulb is an open invitation to eyestrain and fatigue.

Natural daylight is diffused for us by the atmosphere and by the buildings and objects which the sun hits before it reaches us. The clear daylighted sky—away from the sun—has no glare. But the unshaded electric light, only one-thousandth as strong, can be and often is glary because we do not take advantage of nature's example when we make our own light.

Many reading and study lamps, especially of the goose-neck type, are arranged to throw light on the table not on the book or working surface. Beautiful desks with bright shiny surfaces and glass tops reflect the rays of the desk lamp right into the eye. As a result, people find themselves pushing away from the frying pan of glare into the dim fire of reduced and insufficient illumination. A dull blotter on the desk surface often helps to diffuse such light. A book or magazine printed on highly glossed paper looks better than it reads, whatever the contents; it will be a source of discomfort unless the proper light is

used. In this respect the "pulps" are better—unless the light is good—than their aristocratic cousins, the "slick" magazines. Nor does it matter a great deal whether the light comes over the right or left shoulder as long as it throws no shadows on the reading or working area and does not shine into the eye.

Diffuse, glareless illumination may be obtained in various ways. The most common is by the inverted reflector type of lamp which throws the light upward. This, in turn, is then reflected down into the room. Such illumination, of course, requires more wattage—250 to 300 watts, usually—than direct light, but it is worth it in eye comfort. If the walls and ceilings of a room are dark, much of the light is absorbed and even more electric current is necessary.

A frosted or opalescent bulb may absorb up to 40 or 50 per cent of the light, but it is preferable to the clear unshaded bulbs which are occasionally seen. There are many patented types of lamps on the market which give a good diffuse light. Some have gratings which break up the straight penetrating light rays. Others disperse the light at the source by means of diffusing substances incorporated into the housing of the bulb. Some do not do all they promise, but they are better than the direct lights found in most homes.

It is better for the eye if the source of illumination is removed from the field of vision. Most of us forget or do not know that our heads with their overhanging brows and movable upper lids are built to protect us from overhead glare. As a matter of fact, most of our looking is in the downward direction or straight ahead; we do very little upward gazing. We deliberately proceed to counteract the protection afforded us by nature by placing lamps below eye-level. Shaded lamps on low tables may give a room that certain atmosphere but they also give an uncertain light. They do the eyes no good.

ANOTHER important element in eye comfort is the distribution of light. A room lighted by a few bright islands of illumination in a sea of semi-gloom make a poor study or work-room. Few of us have the concentration to work or read hour after hour without looking up. Most of us look around every once in a while or are being interrupted occasionally. This forces the eye to a continuous and involuntary adaptation

from light to darkness and back to light. The pupil does this almost instantaneously, the retina takes longer. This constant adjustment and readjustment fatigues the eye.

We have all experienced the painful sensation of emerging from darkness into sudden bright light. The instant adjustment required is much more taxing than the more gradual adjustment of the eye from light to darkness. Multiply this a hundred times and, even if lesser in degree, you get an idea of what you do to your eyes when you read by a flickering light or in a room with poor light distribution.

Patients frequently ask whether reading in bed is harmful. The answer is no—if done under proper conditions. For many of us it is the only time and place where complete relaxation and concentration are possible. With an adequate light there is no more objection to reading yourself to sleep in bed than in a chair.

The common complaints of tearing, burning, itching, blurring, and sleepiness, may be due to insufficient light, too much light or the wrong kind of light. In other words, the eye reacts to insult in somewhat similar fashion no matter what the cause. In the presence of such symptoms the important considerations (excluding actual pathology and muscle imbalances) are: proper correction of vision, if necessary, the proper amount of light, and the proper kind of light.

It is impossible, by and large, to make inflexible rules for a variable, elastic organ such as the eye or for the varying habits and requirements of that hopefully named animal, Homo Sapiens. Each case must be decided on its own merits.

Dr. Fox is an instructor in ophthalmology at New York University School of Medicine and a practicing eye-physician in New York City.

A MATTER OF PROPERTY

WHILE Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned in the Tower of London the barber came to dress his beard. But Raleigh refused, saying, "At present, friend, there is a lawsuit pending between me and the king about this head, and I don't intend to lay out any money upon it until it is decided which of us it is to belong to." —ERNA HALLOCK

THE NATION'S BEST KNOWN PARTY-PLANNER TELLS YOU HOW TO GO ABOUT HAVING AN ESPECIALLY GOOD TIME THIS HOLIDAY SEASON



LET'S THROW A PARTY

by ELSA MAXWELL

as told to Jack Kelly

SO YOU want to give a Christmas party. Well, go ahead—if you have an idea. That's all it takes. You don't need money, you don't need Broadway or Hollywood headliners, or a 30-foot Christmas tree, or the Waldorf Astoria or Mrs. Moneybags' 900-foot ballroom. You can even do without pretty clothes. But, my party-givers-to-be, you're sunk if you don't have a *plan*. That goes for parties in July or January.

Before going into detail on the subject of our Christmas party, let's review the fundamentals of good party-giving. These are so important—and so simple—that it's a wonder every host or hostess in the civilized world doesn't know them by heart, and follow them.

First, know what you're doing. Don't just give a party for the sake of giving one. Have an idea. It doesn't matter how silly the idea is so long as it supplies a sort of pattern for the evening. And please dare to be original. Aside from the fact that original parties are the most fun, they're also far and away the least expensive.

The second rule in my party commandments is: Never have a social "reason" for giving a party. The dullest things on earth are those she-gave-a-party-for-me-so-I'll-give-one-for-her affairs. Parties should be gay or they're not parties. And how can you be a gay host or hostess when you have to think in terms of "paying off"? Don't ask *anyone* purely as a matter of social obligation. Suppose someone *was* nice to Aunt Dollie in Buffalo. Pay off with flowers or books or tickets to the theatre or luncheon—but don't, for heaven's sake, invite her to your parties if

that's the only reason you can think of.

Which brings us, quite naturally, to the third rule: Ask only those you like. Don't take anybody's word for it. And don't let any of your friends talk you out of asking someone you want. It's your party. The "alphabetical" guest list is the death of the party. Be choosy and you won't be sorry. And don't ask celebrities just because they're celebrities. Most of them are terrific bores.

Rule four: Don't give a big party. If you're an average American, you'll be straining for effect —and the strain is bound to show. Take my word for it, big scale entertainment is out.

You don't need four orchestras, or imported blooms, or a vaudeville show. In fact, you'll be worlds better off without them, for not one "grand" party in a thousand succeeds in giving people a genuinely good time—a warm, heartening evening that leaves them feeling more pleasantly than before. That's the test for a party. Don't forget it. Little parties are the thing.

Along with this, there's the question of drinks. Now, I may be eccentric but I never drink. I don't need it and nobody has a better time at parties than I do. And I'm not recommending teetotaling, by any means. People drink because they're bored, and for no other reason. If liquor becomes more than an incidental item at your parties you'd better look to your party-giving.

There's a fifth commandment and it's as important as any of them: Everyone must contribute something. This is really so old that it's new. The strange part of it is that nearly everybody has something to contribute. If you are sufficiently interested in people to ask them to share an evening with you, then you must know something about them. What makes them tick? What are their avocations? In short, what are their "parlor possibilities"? Find out—and use them. They'll love you for it.

So much for the rules. These are the commandments I follow —and they work for countesses and committeemen. I've seen lots of parties and given more than I can remember in my thirty-odd years of helping people to a good time, but I don't recall any successful one that didn't adhere to the Five Commandments.

Now to Christmas and holiday parties. The days at the end of the year are—or should be—the most

joyous in the twelve months, and perfect for party purposes. School is out for the longest vacation in the academic year. Families are reunited. Work is more or less at a standstill. People are just dying to be human. And this Christmas, 1940, should be as cheerful as we can make it. I know that things elsewhere in the world are horrible. But most of us are doing what we can to alleviate suffering. We can't cure anything with long faces and phony abstinence. The United States is really the only place on earth where a person can have a good time. Let's have it. Let's give a party.

I suggest, most strongly, that Christmas Eve and Christmas Day should be sacred to the family. Don't give parties on those days. And I feel that New Year's Eve is a dancing-in-the-street, house-to-house occasion and not the best evening for a first class party at your home. But the week between is the best in the year for a delightful get-out.

Here are some recommendations for "what to do" when you have your friends around you. These aren't "musts"; they're given more to encourage you to think than to provide a schedule for your party. There isn't a town or hamlet in this country that doesn't have its share of beauty, brains, charm or talent. These are the ingredients. Fuse them and you'll have a marvelous party.

Do a satire on a famous radio program, or have one of those quizzes, oral or written. Have a Gay *1990's* party with everyone dressing in what he or she thinks will be the mode then. Prepare burlesque charts purporting to show the complete personality analysis of your guests. This can be done either by a committee or by the party sitting as a whole in judgment on each guest. Have a song composed and sung right on the premises. You'll be surprised at the results. Give everyone a piece of sketching paper and a soft pencil. Assign to each guest a "subject" from among those present. This can be caricature, or the real thing.

Have some of your guests create and present a new ending to a well-known movie, like *GWTW*, *Rebecca* or any play that has intrigued them. Create things. Seek new talent. Let those who are admired in the community for their singing, try dancing. Insist that they do something new for a change. Make the dancers sing or do card tricks.

Offer a prize for the best cake baked by a male guest, who will

be on his honor not to have his mother or sister bake it for him. Don't forget that talk can be good. And everybody, even the most untalented person, has at least a little bit of good talk. Utilize it. Have plenty of pencils. See that the assembled wit is put to work on paper and aloud.

You can rent a recording machine for your party if none of your friends has one. This should be left on during the evening. Everyone will get a kick out of the playback—the same night or later.

This gives you an idea of what I mean. Of course, the standard party games should not be ignored. But your guests will enter them with renewed zest if there are interludes of original and competitive creating—and thinking.

I haven't gone into much detail about the ages of those you invite. Age doesn't matter a great deal; you can mix young and old as you please—if they fit the Five Commandments. Matter of fact, I think the younger folk nowadays are really more adult than those of more mature years.

Women are better party-givers than men. I have seen and compared the efforts of the two sexes over a period of years and I truly believe that women do better at handling these affairs than men. If a bachelor plans a party, let him get his favorite girl or his sister to do the necessary hostessing for him.

Remember, one person can spoil a party. I have seen so many spoiled—some big ones, too—that I urge you again to be selective when you draw up your own guest list. It's always too late to do anything about a pest when the party is on. The time is before. Choose well and you'll have no regrets.

And finally, do your worrying in advance—and then *forget it.* When you've done all you can think of to prepare for the comfort and entertainment of your guests you've done your part. Don't please, get that horrible "hostess look" you see on so many persons. Many a good party has been spoiled because the one who gave it worried and fretted himself into a decline and his guests into a grim, unending evening.

When your own party starts, relax and enjoy it. And a happy evening to you.



For details of how you can secure a self-contained reprint of this 16-page Christmas Songbook, together with a reprint of the Raymond Scott song which follows it, please see page 158.



Coronet presents

A CHRISTMAS GARLAND

OF SONGS

Being a collection of Various & Sundry

CHANSONS & ROUNDELAYS & CAROLS

~For voice & pianoforte~

FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON



The Whole Decorated and
Embellished by
Burmah~Burris

LOUD STRIKE THE STRINGS

Beethoven
John Dagley

Andante semplice

1. Loud strike the sounding strings, in joyous measure, Loud strike the sounding strings! And thy harp vent
2. Gray fell thine aged locks, thou harper hoary, Gray fell thine aged locks. But thine eye it

pulsing sweet To the dance of willing feet. Gleamed the lights o'er all, Of Christmas
flashed a-gain, To the an- cient music strain. Wel--come guest wert thou On Christmas



roll

bonnie, Gleamed the lights o'er all.
bonnie, Wel--come guest wert thou-



THE BOAR'S HEAD CAROL



Andante

1. The Boar's head in hand bear I, Bedecked with bays and
2. The Boar's head as I un-derstand Is the bravest dish in
3. Our steward hath provided this In honor of the

roll a tempo. Chorus

rosemary; And I pray you, my masters, be merry, *Quot estis in convivio,*
all the land; When thus bedecked with gay garland, Let us *Servire cantico* *Caput apri*
King of Bliss; Which on this day to be served in *In Regimensi atrio.*



roll

defero, Reddens laudes domino.





GOOD KING WENCESLAS

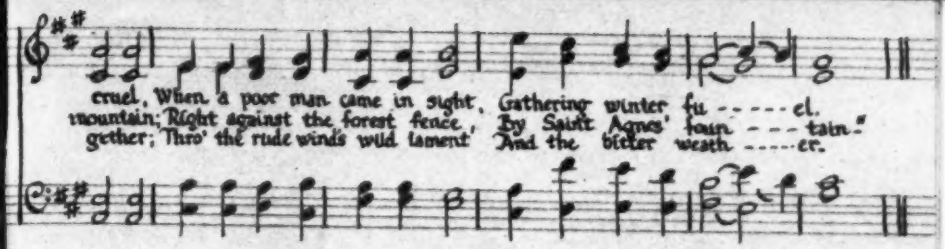
J.M. Neale tr.
From the Latin

Chorus

1. Good King Wen-ces-las looked out, On the feast of Stephen, When the snow lay
2. "Hither, page, and stand by me, If thou knowst it, telling, Yonder peas-sant,
3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine logs hither: Thou and I will

round about, Deep and crisp and even: Brightly shone the moon that night, Tho' the frost was
who is he? Where and what his dwelling?" "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Underneath the
see him dine, When we bear them thither." Page and monarch forth they went, Forth they went to-

* Tenor solos, if preferred
† Soprano solos



4_ "Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wild blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

5_ In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.





THE CHILDREN'S VOICES

Alpine Melody
Richard E. Barton

1- Hear the children's vol-ces Ris-ing clear and strong! All the world re-
2- For they tell of old-en Days and men a-far Who be-held a
3- Of the wise men far-ing From the East by night, Gems and jewels
4- Of the shepherds, folding Quiet flocks be-low, In the skies be-

sf

joic-es With them in the song.
told-en Night-dis-pell-ing star-
bearing, Guided by its light-
holding An-gels come and go-

With the Christmas bells vying, In

"Good-will to men!" Salute them, replying, again and a-gain-

AN ODD OLD MAN

Arthur Sullivan

1. Conceive me, if you
2. With laugh-of-cheer old
3. A go-it-you-please old

can, An odd delightful man; That no one on earth, wherever his birth, Has had the luck to scan; A
man, To-children-dear old man, Eyes twinkling so merry, cheeks brown as a berry, And-never-a-tear old man; A
man, With-a-weakness-for-toys old man, And he covers them over, this happy old rover, With gifts that please, old man. And

matter-of-fact old man, Never-caught-in-the-act old man, But he comes and he goes, as all
marvel-of-sense old man, Where-icebergs-are-dense old man, But once a year coming, his
of-fact-and-of-now old man, With-a-team-that-can-go old man, Then away like the wind, a gay

history shows, With sleigh well packed, old man!
merry song humming, Then quick-speeding hence, old man!
welcome to find In homes high and low, old man!





DECK THE HALL

~From the Welsh~

1. ~Deck the hall with boughs of holly,
2. See the bla-zing yule before us,
3. Fast away the old year passes,

Fa la la la la la la la la.

{'Tis the season~
Strike the harp and
Hail the new, ye

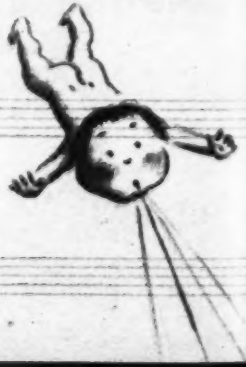
to be jolly,
join the chorus
lads & lasses!

Fa la la la la la la la la.

{Don we now our gay apparel, Troll the ancient
Follow me in merry measure, While I tell of
Sing we joyous all together, Heedless of the

Christmas carol,
Christmas treasure,
wind and weather,

Fa la la la la la la la la.

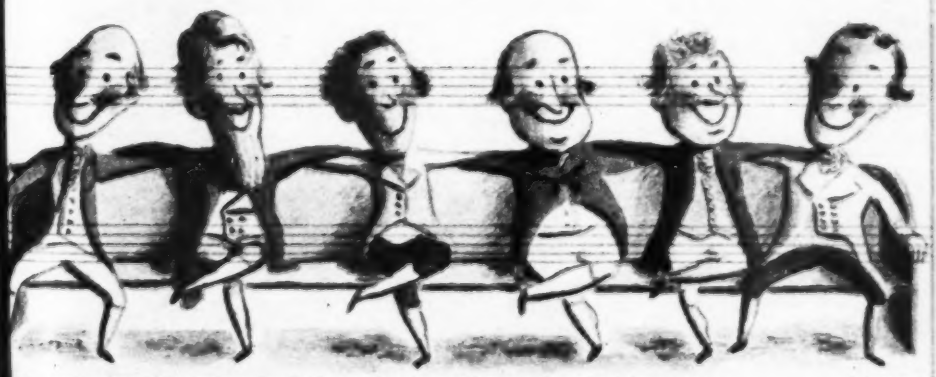


GOD REST YE

Moderato *Traditional*

1. God rest ye, mer-ry gen-tle-men, Let nothing you dis-may, For Je-sus Christ, our
2. God rest ye, lit-tle children all, Let nothing you af-fright, For Je-sus Christ, our

Saviour dear, Was born on Christmas day, Was born on Christmas day.
Saviour dear, Was born this hap-py night, Was born this hap-py night.



ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

Air-"Woman's Wedding Song"

Allegro giojoso.

1. Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, peal out the bells, For it
2. Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, peal out the bells, For it

is the Christmas morning; Peal on, peal on your glad refrain.
is the Christmas morning; Peal on, peal on your glad refrain.

Christmas glow is now the sky adorn - - - - - ing. An en-
Christmas glow is now the sky adorn - - - - - ing. Ye tell of



blest is the song ye sing, Is the old tale of won-der ye tell As thro' the
from the world's hard toil, When the laurel and holly en-twine, When Merri-

land, o'er hill and o'er plain Goes the message of joy on your swell. Ding Dong, ding
ment, with its best of good cheer, Bids old Care his dull sceptre resign, Ding Dong, ding

dong, all merrily ring The bells on Christmas morning, Ding dong, all merrily
dong, all merrily ring The bells on Christmas morning, Ding dong, all merrily

ring The bells on Christmas morn -- ing
ring The bells on Christmas morn -- ing



KRISS KINGLE'S DRIVE



Animato *Alpine Melody*

1. Who dashes on in sleet and snow, Tra, la la la la la, With
2. He cracks his whip, now left, now right, Tra la la la la la, The

ears and cheeks a ruddy glow? Tra la la la la la, His cap he raises with a shout, His beard & hair b
reindeers speed with all their might, Tra la la la la la, A million stockings must be filled, & not a sin

all about – Kriss Kingle's on his round, O'er all the wide earth bound! Hurrah! hurrah! tra la la la
toy be spilled – Kriss Kingle's on his round, O'er all the wide earth bound! Hurrah! hurrah! tra la la la



la, hurrah! Hurrah! tra la la la la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra la la la la la la.
la, hurrah! Hurrah! tra la la la la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra la la la la la la.



THE WASSAIL SONG

Semi-Chorus

Traditional

Here we come a wassailing Among the leaves so green. Here we come a wand'ring, So
Bring us out a table, And spread it with a cloth; Bring us out a moldy cheese, And
God bless the Master of this house, Likewise the Mistress too; And all the little children That

f Chorus

fair to be seen. Love & joy come to you, And to you your wassail too, And God bless you
some of your Christmas loaf.
round the table go.

and send you a happy new year, And God send you a happy new year.

O EVERGREEN
(O TANNENBAUM)

Andante

Pine-tree Carol

1. O evergreen, O evergreen! How are thy leaves so verdant! O evergreen, O evergreen! How
2. O evergreen, O evergreen! We sing in happy measure, O evergreen, O evergreen! We

f

are thy leaves so verdant! Not
sing in happy measure, Thy

only in the summer-time, But
praise who dost our Christmas greet, With



mf

dim.

een in winter is thy prime. O evergreen, O evergreen! How are thy leaves so verdant!
verdure fair and memries sweet. O evergreen, O evergreen! Tree of unfailing treasure!

BENEATH THE HOLLY BOUGH



Chas. Mackay
Mrs. Chas. Bernard

Not too fast

1. Ye who have scorned each other In this fast-fading
2. Ye who have loved each other In this fast-fading
3. Ye who have nourished sadness In this fast-fading

year, Or wronged a friend or brother, Come gather humbly here: Let sinned against and
year, Sis-ter, or friend or brother, Come gather happy here: And let your hearts grow
year, Estranged from joy and gladness, Come gather hopeful here: No more let use-less

sinning Forget their strifes be-ginning, Be links no longer broken Beneath the holly
fonder As mem-'ry glad shall ponder Old loves and later wooing Beneath the holly
sorrow Pursue you night and morrow; Come join in our em-braces Beneath the holly

rit.

bough, Be sweet for-giveness spoken Be-neath the holly bough.
bough, So sweet in their re-newing Be-neath the holly bough.
bough, Take heart, un-cloud your faces Be-neath the holly bough.

WHEN SNOW LIES DEEP

Rossini

1. When snow lies deep upon the ground, And winter winds are blowing, And on the hearth with crackling blaze, The winter fires are glowing; Then thro' the land a magic voice a
2. The school-boy hears it at his task, His heart is lighter beating; The plodding stu-dent lifts his head, And thinks of home and greeting; To old and young, to rich and poor
3. The dreaming po-et hears the voice, It seems that bells are ringing, And an-gel choirs a Christmas song To all mankind are singing; He echoes forth the notes of peace, The

pleasant song is humming, Friends parted long shall meet again, For Christmas day is coming.
gentle voice is humming, Friends parted long shall meet again, For Christmas day is coming.
voice to him is humming, God bless each friend, forgive each foe, For Christmas day is coming.



All Around


Moderato (to be sung an octave lower)
All a-round the Christ-mas tree there you'll see such a
All a-round the Christ-mas tree there you'll see youngst
day. Gifts for ev'ry one are gathered under nea
do. Ev'ry one has brought a gift to make them
har-mony, What a pleasant sight to see this hap-py
Fam-i-ly. What a blessing it would be if we could
Rockwell

ınd The Christmas Tree

Words and Music written for Coronet by Raymond Scott

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ch a happy fam-i-ly. They've come from far a-way — Just to spend this
ngsters playing mer-ri-ly. Their wish-es have come true. — they've so much to



: neath the tree. — All a-round there's so much cheer so much fun, so much peace and
em hap-py too. — All a-round the Christmas tree, joy-ful-ly, sings the hap-py



py fam-i-ly. — what a joyful group they make a-round the Christmas tree. —
uld al-ways see. — young and old so mer-ri-ly a-round the Christmas tree. —

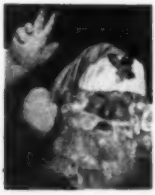
THE READERS OF CORONET will be only slightly more surprised than the editors to find, on the reverse side, an original Christmas song by Raymond Scott. Why, of all people, the composer of *Dinner Music for a Pack of Hungry Cannibals*, *Boy Scout in Switzerland* and *In an 18th Century Drawing Room?* Why, of all places, the pages of this magazine? Because, as it turned out, Mr. Scott has long been harboring a desire to do something about the way he feels at Christmas time, because the editors of Coronet were planning a Holiday Songbook for December, 1940, and because the party of the first part and the parties of the second part happened to get together. So here it is, all wrapped up



in festive trimmings, and it is hoped that the readers of Coronet will find their Christmas song as pleasant a surprise as did the editors, and that they will play it, and sing it and enjoy it very much. . . . Your composer is supposed to be a musician's musician, but he won't stay put in that category. He has instead become a musician to the public, to an extent where the Raymond Scott Quintet and dance orchestra have achieved a popularity bordering on culthood. Mr. Scott is an innovator, bringing to popular music a completely fresh talent. You would therefore expect his Christmas song to be original. It is, because it expresses what somehow "nobody ever thought of till now" —the Holiday spirit of the family united in mutual happiness. And it expresses that spirit with utter sincerity, simplicity and charm.



MESSRS. SANTA CLAUS



A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES—by LOUIS L. PRYOR

It is not the weight of jewel or plate,
Or the fondle of silk or fur,
'Tis the spirit in which the gift is rich
As the gifts of the Wise Ones were.

And we are not told whose gift was gold
Or whose was the gift of myrrh.
—EDMUND VANCE COOKE

THIS isn't the story of the ordinary giver or the ordinary gift. Rather, it is the story of extraordinary givers and extraordinary gifts — the story of seven men of wealth who gave not merely gifts but who, in some instances, gave away entire fortunes which had taken them a lifetime to build—millions upon millions of dollars—for the welfare of mankind.

There are others, of course. And as long as our American way of life goes on there will continue to be others. So there is a Santa Claus after all. In fact, there are many Santa Clauses. And at this time, in this gracious season of giving, there are presented on the pages that follow short personality sketches on seven gracious giants of giving. Seneca, it may be recalled, once made this suggestion: "While you look at what is given, look also at the giver."

BEFORE he created the great cultural Cranbrook Foundation by giving away nearly all his fortune, estimated at $6,500,000, George Gough Booth, Michigan publisher and practical idealist, had previously given, with his wife, $5,000,000 for cultural purposes. It took less than 40 seconds for him to sign away a fortune which it had taken him 40 years to build.

"Please correct the impression that seems to have gone out that I am giving away my wealth in order to die poor," he said. "Quite the contrary is true. I am giving it away that I may die rich."

"That I may die rich"
GEORGE GOUGH BOOTH

In that eloquent epigram he drew a blueprint both of his character and his benefaction. In it he expressed—more real than the $2,000,000 Gothic church he was pledging to build—a belief in a world to come. In it—plainer than his gift of millions for the construction of five schools—he voiced the desire that "those yet to come may be served as is their due."



Booth's foundation, which benefited art as well as religious and educational projects, went back through some four generations of master craftsmanship for its stimulus, and retraced thousands of miles across an ocean for its name. For it was in the village of Cranbrook, county of Kent, England, that Booth's grandfather and great grandfather had plied the cultural art of the coppersmith. Booth himself spent some time as a metal worker and his gifts contributed largely to the advancement of art.

"There is no short cut"

ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR.



THREE years ago this month Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., noted American industrialist, transacted what he expressly termed "entirely a personal matter." He gave away securities worth approximately $10,000,000 for the "advancement in any proper way of the interests of the community at large."

Explaining his gift, the motor magnate, who had launched his career as an $11 a week draftsman and climbed to the chairmanship of the General Motors Corporation, said: "Having been connected with industry during my entire life, it seems eminently proper that I should turn back, in part, the proceeds of that activity with the hope of promoting a broader as well as a better understanding of the economic principles which have characterized American enterprise down through the years..." Through most of his 45 years of accelerated business life, Sloan has been racing hub to hub with the development of the automobile itself. And he isn't even winded. Probing for facts is his obsession. He leaves no channels unexplored to get them and spread them. "It is difficult to get the facts—all the facts," he once said, "but it is worth every effort. Approach them with an open mind and hard work—the last is most important of all. There is no short cut."

"Just fond of boys" MILTON SNAVELY HERSHEY

THE story of Pennsylvania's Milton Snavely Hershey, colossus of the candy world and benefactor of orphaned boys, is the Odyssey of a man whose travels brought him back to the farm where he was born—to found a city, build a fortune and give away $60,000,000.

Hershey, now 83, can look back with indulgence upon his early days when he tried his hand twice at the candy business and twice failed. But his third try netted him a million dollars and temporary retirement. And his fourth beginning—expanding through 15 years—snow-balled that million three score.

Then, in 1918, he turned over all his holdings to the Hershey Industrial School for orphaned boys which he had established in 1905—a school admitting only fatherless boys, white, physically sound and not younger than 4 or older than 14 years. A junior and senior high school for older boys, costing more than $2,000,000, was dedicated in 1938.

Hershey himself had scant education, having taken his first job when most boys of his age were still in school. When asked why he was giving his fortune to fatherless boys, he said: "Well, I was just fond of boys. We hadn't any children. I felt I'd like to give orphan boys a chance. Girls get taken care of."





"For the welfare of mankind"

MAURICE FALK

On the heels of "Black Friday" of November, 1929, with the money markets of America sinking awesomely into the long night of depression, Maurice Falk, Pittsburgh philanthropist, turned his mind and money to "the welfare of mankind"—and gave away $10,000,000.

"It is my firm belief," he said, "that any surplus of material wealth which may come to a man is properly to be regarded as a trust to be employed for the welfare of mankind. I count myself fortunate, through the Maurice and Laura Falk Foundation, to be able to translate this principle into practice during my lifetime."

The Falk Foundation—created as a memorial to Mrs. Laura Falk—is unlike other foundations in one unique particular. It cannot be hoarded down the years. Its total length of service cannot exceed 35 years. Within that time the entire fund, both principle and interest, must be expended for the promotion of educational, religious, charitable, philanthropic and public interests. The free Falk Clinic at the University of Pittsburgh is a separate philanthropy designed to treat 750 patients daily.

Maurice Falk was active in the clothing business until 1893 when, with his brother, Leon, he founded the Duquesne Reduction Company. Since then his business interests and directorships have multiplied — reaching prodigiously into steel companies, banks, insurance companies and other Pittsburgh developments.

"Better than I found it"

SEBASTIAN S. KRESGE

SEBASTIAN S. KRESGE, stocky little Napoleon of the innumerable stores that bear his name, was 30 years old when he entered the field that brought him riches. Starting in 1897, in the gaunt windup of a depression, he left his job as a tinplate salesman and with savings of $8,000 launched his merchant career. Thirty years later his fortune was estimated in excess of $100,000,000 and his philanthropies alone totaled approximately $65,000,000.

"I really want to leave the earth better than I found it," he once said, "and I think most men and women feel that way."

The earth that Kresge "found" as a boy on his father's farm often yielded hardship. But he capitalized on it. He grubbed the price of his schooling out of raising chickens and bees. He tumbled out of bed each morning before dawn to milk the cows—and formed a lifetime habit of early rising that paid dividends in business.

"In periods of great depression man has a chance to learn what bedrock business is," he used to say. "And when he has learned that, he is not in so much danger later of being caught in the fluff of easy money." Often, too, with homely simplicity, he emphasized the lessons of thrift taught by the bees.

Mr. Kresge, now 73 years old, started the Kresge Foundation in 1924 with a gift of $2,000,000. Among his later gifts was one of $23,000,000 "for charitable and welfare purposes."



"I did not seek it"

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.



MILLIONS of men, at some time in their lives, have known what it means to be bowed down under the paralyzing pressure of poverty. But only one man, perhaps, has experienced the paradox of being burdened —almost crushed—under the Gargantuan responsibility of wealth.

Serious, conscientious, 66-year-old John D. Rockefeller, Jr., son of "the richest man," has shouldered his trust with much of the attitude of an acolyte discharging a sacred duty. "I did not seek to be the recipient of great wealth with the staggering responsibilities inevitably coupled with its marvelous opportunities," he once said. "But great wealth of itself does not give the greatest happiness."

No man in the United States has had more money or given more away. Under his supervision Rockefeller philanthropies have exceeded the breath-taking total of half a billion dollars and individual donations have varied all the way from the gift of a city block to the rebuilding of Rheims cathedral in France.

A Spartan and a religionist, John D., Jr. learned the stern lesson of thrift from a father who loaned him money at 10 per cent. As a boy, he walked to and from school. "There is no evil that cannot be overcome," he has declared, "and no evil or suffering that should not be overcome."

"Make it sing!"

ALBERT D. LASKER



ALBERT D. LASKER, "human dynamo" of America's golden age of advertising—a man with a thousand interests—has given away upwards of $5,000,000 for purposes of medical research and education.

Lasker, whose nimble brain has sparked many of the biggest advertising successes of this generation, once put his ad formula into three words: "Make it sing!" Several solvent factories—as well as off-shoot advertising agencies—owe their existence to his genius.

Born 60 years ago, Lasker spent his early youth in Texas. At 15 he was a boy editor and publisher in Galveston. At 18 he started his first advertising job for Lord & Thomas in Chicago at $10 a week. Within five years he was quarter owner of the firm—later becoming sole owner.

Sought by captains of industry, he has been the consultant of presidents, senators, bankers, ministers, mayors and sportsmen. He was Chairman of the Shipping Board under Harding.

Prominent among Lasker's many philanthropies were the $1,000,000 Lasker Foundation for Medical Research—donated jointly with his first wife, Mrs. Flora W. Lasker—and his $3,500,000 estate, between Lake Forest and Half Day, Illinois. The University of Chicago was made recipient of both. Lasker renounced his interest in his mother's estate ($80,000 to $100,000)—yielding in favor of seven nephews and nieces.



"I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES"

THIS is a memory test designed, like the similar ones which have preceded it, to test your powers of visual observation. You are asked to study the photograph for one full minute, making a concentrated effort to memorize as many of its details as possible. At the expiration of the time allowance, turn to page 87 where you will find ten questions based on the photograph. Answer as many of them as you can from memory and then turn back to this page to check up. A score of seven correct is considered good.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES FOR THIS WRITER, WHO EXPLAINS WHY AND HOW HE HAS INSULATED HIMSELF AGAINST THE FUTURE



I LIVE IN THE PRESENT

by ANONYMOUS

IF YOU tell me that the Millennium will take place next month, or that a new gadget will shortly be placed on the market that will completely revolutionize the automobile industry, or that the Joneses are going to break up in the very near future—and if you buttress these statements with figures, affidavits, "irrefutable proofs," quotations from authorities who can't *possibly* be wrong—you get from me a response exactly akin to that of a clam reacting to the ticking of a watch a thousand miles away.

I will simply stand or sit in front of you, and do absolutely nothing. It isn't that I believe you or that I disbelieve you. In fact it is very definitely neither of these things. It is simply that I don't react or think at all. When you get on the subject of the future, as far as I am concerned, you simply draw a blank. Only if I am excessively stimulated by liquor will I be loquacious enough to commit myself with such definite expressions as "maybe" or "perhaps."

This is probably in part due to my temperament, but it is chiefly due to the fact that, my profession being what it is, I would soon go crazy if I permitted myself to live in the future. When I first embarked on this profession I indulged in this habit, and the effects on my nervous system were highly deleterious. I am engaged in a form of salesmanship, free-lance writing.

IN MY present stage I happen to be the kind of writer who is good enough to sell a certain percentage of the things he writes. I am not bad enough or unsuccessful enough

to feel sure that my pieces are going to be rejected and hence to give up my trade, and turn to something else. In a sense such people are lucky. The amateur can afford to bank on the future. He can bank on it to be unpleasant (as far as his writing is concerned) and he will be correct.

On the other hand, there is another class of writers—not so large as the public imagines—who are pretty certain to sell everything they write. They may be salaried as in Hollywood, they may have contracts, or their reputations may be such—and almost invariably deservedly so—that editors will want to buy almost everything they submit.

These highly successful writers lead lives of mathematical certainty compared to my own and that of other writers in my category whose chances of selling what we write are always unpredictable. In a sporting event, an even bet is usually the most precarious one, and so it is with us.

Thinking about the future cost me too much when I started out. I remember my first sale. "Ah! I'm in. Now to hit them again. With lots of pieces. With the money, I can—" Rejections. Lots of them. More work, and finally success with another magazine. "Here we go. If they liked *that* piece, they'll go wild about *this* one." Unaccountably they didn't. It came back as though shot out of a gun.

That is number one in the reasons for uncertainty in the lives of us middle-range writers. A writer is a bad critic of his own stuff. He is not, be it said, as bad as the majority of his friends, but he isn't as good as the editor.

The middle-range writer simply takes it out of himself by too much evaluating of the things he has written and too much banking on their success. If he tells himself "They *can't* turn that down," and they do, he is just that much more demoralized.

Other factors besides the critical undependability of the writer—and, sometimes, of the editor—make my profession uncertain. I may write a fine piece on a certain subject, but some other writer may have beaten me to it. (This may be news to the public, but different writers often get the same idea without plagiarizing each other.)

Pieces may be submitted under even more "certain" conditions than those I have mentioned so far, and still end up in the writer's wastebasket. He may outline an idea, and find the editor receptive. He may discuss it personally,

and get encouragement. In my earlier days I used to consider such pieces as good as sold. Now I don't consider them one way or another. I simply write them, and send them in.

Pieces that look fine to the writer, pieces that his friends praise to the skies, pieces on topics that are "naturals" (and hence competing against many other such), pieces that the editor thinks well of in outline form—they've all come back to this writer at one time or another, and they *probably* will in the future. (I don't know about that. Maybe beginning tomorrow it will all be different. That's something I don't think about.)

IT IS NOW obviously clear why I do not talk with my friends or even with my relatives about swell ideas or pieces that I am "sure to sell." Nobody likes to be shown up as a bum prophet. I think it is also clear why I no longer even talk, mentally, to myself about them. After all, I am the one most vitally concerned, and it is exceedingly demoralizing, as I know from bitter experience, to get back a piece which I have told myself was as good as sold. And so my motto is: think before you write the piece, think while you're writing it, and then quit thinking. Although editors and readers may sometimes doubt how well I live up to the first two precepts, I can assure them that, in this stage of my development—the "who knows" stage—I never violate the third one.

I am certain that my professional experiences have contributed measurably to this attitude of detachment towards the future in the non-professional phases of my existence. It is true that I have always been chronically skeptical about "inevitable" occurrences, believing that there are none, and it is true that I have studied history enough to know of innumerable instances where predictions went wrong, where "trends" failed to lead to the results that they reasonably should have. But it is undeniably true that whereas, before I started writing, I frequently faced the future with pleasant anticipation or disquieting dread, my customary reaction today is the shoulder shrug.

This is intensely irritating to my wife. Frequently I hear local gossip. So and so is about to buy a new car, planning to go to Europe, facing a lawsuit, about to change jobs. Sometimes these projections materialize, my wife learns about it, and also hears the statement:

"Why, I told your husband about it a month ago. Didn't he tell you?" This leads to recriminations. "Why didn't you tell me about it?" my wife demands. "What possible harm was there?" In most cases there could be no harm, and it is very difficult to explain my silence. The real reason has been, of course, that five minutes after I hear a prediction —and it can be a mighty dire one or a mighty rosy one at that—I have simply forgotten about it. That is the truth. I do not habitually think about the future, and what I do not think about, I forget. I may recall it afterwards, if reminded by someone else, but I do not do so voluntarily. I can't make my wife understand this, and I've given up trying.

War or peace tomorrow, rain or snow, communism or fascism, the end of disease, the triumph of insects over man, a renaissance of art, a family motor trip to the Adirondacks? Don't ask me, I don't think about them. Afraid to face realities? Perhaps, but reality to me is only in the present. Disinclined to face uncertainties, rather, as I see it. I wonder what a psychologist would make of it? I wouldn't trust his findings if he hadn't investigated my magazine career thoroughly. I wonder how many writers are in my state of suspended mental animation, or how many other salesmen of one sort or another whose career dooms them to continual uncertainty.

Perhaps some of you readers can shed light on the subject. That is, of course, if this piece is published, and there *are* any readers. I wouldn't know about that.

BARNYARD IMITATION

As ALL lecturers know, American audiences prefer men. For this reason female lecturers have to overcome strong prejudices. So when a New England clergyman was asked to announce that Anna Dickenson would lecture at the town hall the following week, he casually did so in this manner:

"I have been requested to announce to you that a hen will endeavor to crow like a cock at the town hall next Wednesday night. Those who are interested in such an exhibition will be pleased to attend." —PAUL B. WILLIAMS

DO FACES TELL?

The purpose of this pictorial quiz is to prove that you can't win. During the past few years there has been an unhealthy growth in false psychologies. Various systems of character analysis and vocational guidance are based on the shape of the head, the distance between the eyes and what have you. Repeated tests in universities fail to show that any of the systems work, but the charlatans still flourish. Take this test and prove to yourself that it's all unadulterated guesswork.



a



b



c



d



e



f



g



h



i



j

Here are the pictures of ten men who are actually engaged in the ten occupations listed below. You are asked to determine, by their physiognomies, which is which. If you think Mr. A is an insurance salesman, then write down A-5 as your first answer. The laws of chance say you should get one right, but regardless of how many you get right you ought to discover that there is no relation between faces and vocations when you check with the correct answers which you will find listed on page 104.

1. Art teacher in a metropolitan high school
2. Director of personnel in a factory
3. Dry goods clerk in a small department store
4. Superintendent of a municipal school system
5. Insurance salesman
6. Supervisor of women in an industrial factory plant
7. Clerk in a men's clothing store
8. City editor of a small town newspaper
9. Jobbing salesman for trucks
10. Vice-president of a bank

ONE CRIME NO MAN EVER GOT AWAY WITH—
NOT EXCEPTING EDISON OR NAPOLEON—
IS ROBBING HIMSELF OF HIS REQUIRED REST



LESSONS IN SLEEP

by HELEN FURNAS

AN OLD doctor-story tells about a rich man on his deathbed with three famous physicians in attendance. Just at the last he said: "I don't feel so badly about dying since I leave behind me the three greatest healers in the world . . ." As the physicians began to look smug, he finished his sentence: " . . . air, water and sleep."

Anyone who ever had a touch of insomnia would add: "And the greatest of these is sleep." Few things known to man or medicine start you off better on the day's work or play than a luxuriously long stretch of profound, unbroken slumber. As the ancient Chinese knew so well, no worse torture was invented than keeping a person unwillingly awake. A man might live for six weeks without food. Deprived of sleep, he would be dead, and glad of it, by the end of ten days.

This all-important third of your life is not yet thoroughly understood. All sorts of theories have been formed about exactly what sleep is, but as soon as one of them is nicely set, somebody checks it up by ringing bells at puppies or whirling rabbits in a cage, thereby leaving the theory in ruins.

The latest thing to catch the researcher's cold eye is the quality of our nightly pillow-pounding. The jury has come in with a verdict that much of the sleep we get is no better than it should be. At Colgate University, Dr. Donald Laird, a leader in this field, checked up on two hundred and ninety-seven everyday people from 15 to 41 years old who, judging by ordinary standards, were getting plenty of sleep—averaging

eight hours and twenty-four minutes. But nearly half of them got up feeling more or less fagged and one out of five reported broken sleep. Another study of a large number of distinguished citizens turned up a majority complaining of disturbed sleep from time to time with noticeably bad effects in their daily lives. The investigators concluded that sound sleep is even more important than long sleep and set out to show why so many people don't get it.

THE SCIENTISTS' apparatus first of all gives the lie to many a cheery fellow who tells you at breakfast that he slept like a log. A log has very little in common with the average sleeper who moves once in seventeen minutes, holding no one pose for any significant length of time. Light and noise may not actually awaken him, but they startlingly increase his tossings and turnings. Fatty food too near bedtime has the same effect. So has an empty stomach which is forever contracting with hunger pains, or too much liquid taken in the evening and pressing slightly all night on the bladder. Argumentative bridge-games, heart-felt political discussion, too exciting a movie, all result in the kind of night-time acrobatics which prevents satisfactory rest.

Children are particularly sensitive to left-over excitement from movies and the way they have of taking everything big, from a broken doll to a spanking. Regular hours for meals and bed, tranquil evenings and easily digestible suppers, are even more vital to them than to their elders and betters. A session with Buck Rogers just before lights-out may make them spend the night jumping about like little jack-in-the-boxes and waking up fogged and irritable in the morning. Adenoids, causing breathing difficulties, are sometimes to blame for children's sleeping troubles.

A small medical clique supports the theory that John Doe's loss of sleep is nowhere near as important as it seems to John Doe. The majority of the profession, however, agree with Dr. Laird who found no indication whatever that people can get away with even moderate losses with impunity. When his human guinea pigs' sleeping hours were cut down just 25 per cent, continued application to brain work became difficult for them. Routine tasks were not affected but spontaneous effort dwindled. Observers of the bomb-battered population of Barcelona decided

that loss of sleep was telling even more on its morale than loss of a sense of security of life and limb.

Such famous sleep-cheaters as Edison, Napoleon, John Wesley, Charles XII, do not give aid and comfort to the sleep-deprecating school. There is testimony that they all had habits, perhaps unconscious ones, of sneaking forty winks in the armchair, saddle or coach. Certain lucky people do have a real talent for quick relaxation which may give them, in the course of the day, enough rest to make up for severe losses at night. Anyone who can stretch out on the couch after work, utterly relaxed and perhaps drowsing off for a quarter of an hour, will be way ahead of the game for the remainder of the day. But the type of brain-worker who just lies there and fidgets and gets up feeling worse than ever would get more out of investing his odd fifteen minutes in knocking over a few bowling pins or pitching horseshoes in the open air.

It's still harder for a person who can't fall asleep at night to just lie there and relax and not worry, as he is advised by sound-sleeping friends to do. The sheer boredom of lying awake engenders a kind of self-pitying anger, turning into panic, which is the least relaxing frame of mind in the world. The intensity of these emotions and the fear of experiencing them again often keeps insomnia going in a vicious circle that really deserves the name.

That vicious circle—fear that you can't sleep and consequent failure to relax so that you *can* sleep—is a tough one to break. People have to learn to relax the way they learn to ride a horse. Much can be accomplished by simply concentrating on your muscular condition as you lie there waiting for sleep. It is startling to find that, quite unconsciously, you have your teeth gritted, jaw rigid, hands clenched, forehead set in a deep frown. Lying flat on the back with legs uncrossed and easing up all this muscular tension is an excellent soporific. Women would be keen on it if they realized that wrinkles sometimes come from involuntary tenseness of the face-muscles throughout the night.

ALL SLEEPLESSNESS, of course, isn't due to failure to relax. Physical cold feet, as well as the nervous insomniac's mental ones, is a common cause. This can be circumvented at bedtime by splashing the feet alternately with hot and cold water, then briskly mas-

saging them with a rough towel. Since even mild digestive difficulties are sleep-thieves, they call for dietary reform. Bronchial troubles, heart- and kidney-disease, high blood pressure, thyroid gland disturbances all can affect sleep and should be under treatment anyway.

Real insomnia is always a symptom of something else, of course, never a malady in its own right. The completely unsound notion has been bandied about that insomnia can produce insanity. Somebody tells somebody that somebody else's cousin—who suffered from insomnia for a year—finally went insane. That inability to sleep was a warning of oncoming mental trouble, not the other way about, never occurs to anyone. There is no case on record of insomnia causing insanity or death. Struggle as it may, the insomniac's perverse nervous system is literally unable to keep him awake to the danger-point, however cruelly long the sleepless hours seem to him. The very fact that he is in bed, with the horizontal position of his body taking gravitational pull off his heart, gives him a certain amount of rest and, before his organism can suffer real damage, sleep will knock him out just as surely as Joe Louis' fist would. Yet, curiously enough, many insomniacs take this news as an unsympathetic minimizing of their plight and resent it almost as bitterly as they do having someone say they probably dozed off a bit between strokes of the clock. That's very likely true, too, but don't tell it to your rich uncle when he says he hasn't slept a wink all night.

Good and bad sleepers alike would profit by taking a little thought for the morrow—and the ensuing night—in their physical and psychological preparations for sleeping. Safeguarding your natural rest may call for a radical reorganization of some of your most cherished habits.

As the field where the battle must be fought, the bedroom is a good spot to begin on. The ideal bedroom conceived by sleep experts would thoroughly distress most interior decorators. Done in dull blues and dirty greens, with never a gay bit of chintz or a shiny surface for a stray sunbeam to light on, all carpeted and upholstered in heavy, sound-absorbing material. Window-curtains should be of velours or heavy mohair and, if you can't afford sound- and air-filters at the windows, a screen covered with closely shirred velours, carrying out the cheerless

but soothing color scheme, will help. A quiet electrical fan in summer and a humidifier in winter will help keep the air circulating in normal manner and as near the recommended sixty degree maximum as is seasonally possible.

According to the experts, your bed should be at least 39 inches wide, with a coil type spring and an inner-spring mattress nicely matched to it. Blankets should be warm but light-weight, wool or camel's hair, and not tucked in so that they interfere with your nightly gymnastics. The mattress should have enough resiliency for the body to sink down comfortably so the hips don't sag when lying on the back; because of weight changes, it should be replaced as you reach the ages of eight, eighteen and thirty-eight. A sleep-conscious New York shop encourages people to thresh around on their beds, observed only by discreetly sympathetic salespeople, which is a far better way to test a mattress than shyly sitting on the edge of it. They also have an outside double mattress, called a bundling mattress, with a reinforcing row of heavy coils in the center to keep two sleepers in their respective places, which might satisfy married couples who prefer double beds and doctors who recommend single ones. No pillow is best of all for people who sleep on their backs, but sleepers-on-their-sides may use one. And, by the way, there is nothing in the fear that sleeping on the left side may cause undue pressure on the heart. The heart is only a little left of center—like certain politicians—and indifferent to your preference for lying on one set of ribs or the other.

IT GOES (almost) without saying that sleeping-drugs should never be used as a night-cap unless individually prescribed by a doctor. A bowl of dry cereal or a tumbler of warm milk to keep the stomach mildly occupied during the night is a far better idea. Some doctors don't object to spiking the milk with something stronger, but too much alcohol puts you to sleep in a hurry only to rouse you, parched and infuriatingly wide-awake at say 4 A.M., to lie there listening for the milkman and cursing that bibulous impulse. Coffee comes out of scientific experiments somewhat exonerated. One batch of subjects were fed, unwittingly, pills with four grains of caffein—the equivalent of two ordinary cups of coffee—and slept just as well (with fewer

and pleasanter dreams) as control subjects who were fed milk-sugar pills. But many doctors believe that, since it is impossible to tell where psychological sleeplessness begins and individual sensitiveness or digestive difficulties from coffee ends, it's safer not to take it at night if it seems to bother you.

There's one liquid everybody agrees on—warm water. Steeping the body in a tubful of it at 92 to 97 degrees for about fifteen minutes is as good a way as any of ironing knots out of the muscular and nervous system.

The quaint custom of reading in bed finds favor in some quarters. One doctor suggests the ancient philosophers plus Montaigne, Pepys Diary and Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* as samples of the proper menu—a change of mental pace for most of us and hardly likely to raise the blood-pressure. Other doctors say don't read, on the principle that, if the book is dull, you won't read it; and, if it's interesting, it won't work. Here again it's probably an individual problem. One man's meat . . .

How long to sleep is another one pitched right back to the layman by the profession. We're off the eight-hour sleep standard just as sure as we're off the gold-standard. Eight hours is more than Grandpa needs at his time of life but may not be enough for a high-strung, fast-moving professional man in his prime. The only way to tell whether quantity and quality are adequate in an individual case is to note whether the sleep one is getting—when there are no irregularities and late nights—is bringing refreshment on a number of successive mornings. If it isn't, stock should be taken of the situation.

Sleep is one subject where the layman can do a lot of his own field-work without sticking his neck out too far. He's got to. The medical profession, like the struggling insomniac, is virtually groping in the dark.

Helen Furnas is the wife of J. C. Furnas who, in turn, is most conveniently identified as the author of "—And Sudden Death." Mrs. Furnas for many years functioned as a research assistant to her husband until she surreptitiously acquired enough training to launch herself on a separate and successful career as a magazine writer.

——Suggestions for further reading:

YOU CAN SLEEP WELL
by Edmund Jacobson, M. D. $2.00
Whittlesey House, New York

INSOMNIA: HOW TO COMBAT IT
by Joseph Collins, M. D. $1.50
D. Appleton-Century Co., New York

WAKE UP AND SLEEP
by A. R. Knight $1.00
Advance Publishing Co., Los Angeles

Regardless of how green the grass might have seemed in the other fellow's yard, these five rugged individualists went to work right in their own bailiwicks. And while none of them has made a million, they all have secured the satisfaction and derived the profit of making a dollar grow where none had bloomed before.

THERE'S MONEY IN IT

HELEN SMITHSON, who lives in a flower-decked California suburb, had among her possessions a home movie camera with which she had taken many pictures of her children. She wondered if she could earn a living photographing the big events in other children's lives.

She advertised in newspapers, offering to go out evenings and exhibit movies she had taken. Before long, she had commissions to film birthday parties, Grandma's visit and other events. Often she received hurry-up calls: "Junior is so cute in his new rompers, playing in the sandbox. Can't you come out and make movies of him?" At times she was booked weeks in advance.

Some families who ordered pictures didn't own movie apparatus and were glad to pay for having the reels shown in their homes. Others, who owned projectors, hired her to make the pictures, which she did cleverly, introducing bits of "business" and mixing close-ups and long shots with a professional touch.



AN ALERT young man selling papers on a busy Texas street corner noticed that a large number of the automobiles which passed by had imperfect headlights—a reflector missing, a bulb burned out, or a crystal shattered.

From a friend he purchased at cost an assortment of headlight parts, and with these he began to approach

drivers who had just parked in the vicinity. Having quickly noted what was wrong with the headlights, he offered the car-owner just the part he needed. Hating to take time out to make these small purchases motorists were glad to avail themselves of this jiffy curb service.

The alert young man has doubled his income.



FAMILIES who want to go on one-day or protracted holiday jaunts are glad to pay nursemaids, amateur and professional, to care for their children. Why wouldn't they pay for the care of elderly relatives for the same reason? Mrs. Harlowe Swift thought enough of her question to turn it into an advertisement in a Boston paper. She had, she said, a large comfortable home with spacious grounds. It wasn't a sanitorium—she didn't seek invalids or the ailing. She offered plain but fine meals. Her rates were not low but the agreeable atmosphere offered in her home has made her enterprise pay dividends.



"A SMALL but attractively arranged bouquet of fresh flowers in your reception room and in your office would make it much more attractive. Wouldn't you like to have me supply them, and see that they are changed and always kept fresh?" Margaret Walters, who was attending school in a Philadelphia suburb, knew flowers and her enthusiasm helped sell her idea to a number of concerns in the city. She was able to get a small discount for her regular customers—and made her profit from the commissions the florist was glad to pay on business he otherwise would not have had. She selected the blossoms, arranged and changed them twice a week. Her part-time project has grown into a generous spending account. And Margaret shrewdly figures that the acquaintances she makes in her rounds may prove useful when she finishes school and starts out looking or a full-time job.



FOR his own amusement Edgar Peters, of Minneapolis, studied birds and dabbled at carpentry. He combined his hobbies when he built bird houses to attract certain species to his own garden, the better to observe them. His enthusiasm converted others and soon he was designing and making little tree houses and bird baths for the homes of friends and acquaintances. It yields him a small income and a lot of satisfaction.

Readers are invited to contribute to "There's Money in It." A payment of $5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

DAPHNE COULD HARDLY KNOW HOW MANY WERE CALLED, HOW FEW CHOSEN: A SHORT STORY



SMILE FOR THE MAN, DEAR

by JUSTIN HERMAN

IN THE elevator, Mrs. Moore took off Daphne's small Scotch cap and gave it to Al Schlein. Then, with excited fingers, she fluffed the child's hair at the temples. The hair was peroxide yellow and fine in texture. It was like the down on a toy duckling. As Mrs. Moore arranged it, Daphne's tiny feet fidgeted and scuffed in little circles on the elevator floor, and her round blue eyes, rimmed with mascara, stared up curiously at the face of the elevator operator.

"Hello, there, baby," said the elevator operator. He chucked Daphne under the chin. The child's eyes remained on him, their expression unchanged. "Mighty cute," he commented.

"*We* think so," agreed Mrs. Moore, caressing Daphne's head. Her husband, a sad, sallow man who held his hat in his hand, looked somewhat hopeful at the operator's remark. He glanced toward Al Schlein. Al winked, confidently.

At the tenth floor they got out and Mrs. Moore led Daphne into a corner of the hall. Not without effort—for she was buxom and tightly corseted — she stooped, withdrew a lipstick from her purse and crayoned a perfect cupid's bow on the child's mouth. Al stood by, watching.

"Wet 'em, kid," said Al.

Daphne licked her lips and the highlights glistened.

Mrs. Moore passed Daphne's gold-buttoned navy reefer to the husband, and smoothed Daphne's sheer pink frock. It was an abbreviated frock—frilly and lacy; it made Daphne appear all legs. Mrs. Moore threw a questioning look at Schlein who nodded in a

slow, vertical arc. "Perfect."

"Now, remember, kid . . ." Al's huge palm was a cloak across Daphne's shoulders, " . . . say 'How do you do, Mr. Fredman.' Say it . . ."

"How do you do, Mr. Fredman," repeated Daphne, concentrating on the toe of her right pump as she scuffed it back and forth. Her head gave a sudden nervous twitch, and she blinked her eyelids in an exaggerated manner.

"And onna time-step," continued Al, "wafer my count. One-two . . . ya know . . . ?"

"Listen to what Al's saying," Mrs. Moore put in. "And *don't* kick your feet like that. Stand still."

"Woddaya gonna do onna time-step, now?" Al pursued intently; and then prompted: "You're gonna . . . ?"

"Wait for the count," finished Daphne.

"Okay," said Al. "Less go."

The procession moved through the corridor toward a door inscribed Premier Pictures. Schlein walked briskly in the van, his green snap-brim far back on his forehead. Daphne pattered at his heels. Then came Mrs. Moore, her expression tense. The father, still carrying his hat—a dusty derby—shuffled along in the rear.

A somber-looking young lady inside asked them to wait. Al strolled to a window and gazed down on Broadway. The Moores sat stiffly in chairs that were arrayed against one of the walls, Daphne between her mother and father. After a moment or two, Mrs. Moore took Daphne's plated dancing shoes from a sateen bag she had been carrying, and put them on the child's feet. Then she dropped Daphne's street shoes into the bag and thrust it into her husband's lap.

Daphne squirmed from her chair and skipped to the receptionist's desk.

"*I* know what *that* is," she boasted to the somber-looking young lady. She pushed a diminutive forefinger against a copy of *Film Daily*. "That's a book."

Mrs. Moore traded smiles with the receptionist.

Al turned from the window. "Ya shoulden touch things, Daphne," he warned.

"Look," commanded Daphne, taking the *Film Daily* from the desk and indicating an illustrated ad on the back cover. "*That's* her."

"Shirley Temple," explained Mrs. Moore to the receptionist. "She's just nuts about Shirley."

"I am not," stated Daphne. Everybody laughed except the father. His fingers plucked at the frayed edge of one of his shirt cuffs.

"How old is she?" inquired the receptionist.

"Just three," said Al and Mrs. Moore.

"*Cute!*" oozed the receptionist.

The interphone buzzed and she nodded to Schlein. "Mr. Fredman will see you now."

"Wet 'em," pantomimed Al to Daphne, indicating her lips, and the party marched into Mr. Fredman's office.

"Hello there, Mr. Fredman," said Al. "Herezat great kid I was tellun y'about."

Mr. Fredman was a round man with a round white face, black eyebrows like moustaches, and a mat of short-cropped black hair. "One minute," he said without glancing up, and continuing to scan the typewritten paper that rustled in his pudgy fists.

The parents remained motionless in the center of the broad, carpeted floor, observing Mr. Fredman's eyebrows. Al snatched Daphne's hand from Mr. Fredman's blotter pad and squeezed her wrist. "Ouch!" she cried.

"Mussen touch," said Al, beaming. He dropped her arm, and knocked his cigar ash into a tray on Mr. Fredman's desk.

"Yes?" asked Mr. Fredman, fitting the paper he had been reading into a Florentine leather portfolio.

"Thissiz liddle Daphne Moore," began Al, suddenly animated. His fingers fluttered as he talked. "Thissiz the kid I toljabout I been keepun under cover. Honest, Mr. Fredman, waydle ya see . . . C'mere, Daphne." His eyes found the child's and became momentarily meaningful. "Woddaya sayda Mr. Fredman, Daphne?"

"How do you do, Mr. Fredman?" said Daphne. Schlein and the Moores looked relieved. Mrs. Moore radiated pride.

Mr. Fredman gave no sign that his heart had been touched. "How old is she?" he demanded.

"Just three," said Al and Mrs. Moore quickly.

"Three lass month," added Al. He turned to the mother. "Nah, weeda wanna stayen take up too mucha Mr. Fredman's valyuble time here so we might zwell go inda the dance." He motioned to Daphne. "The time-step," he said, and walked to the grand piano standing in a corner of the room.

He sat down. "If we c'd clear away a parda that coppet . . . ?"

Mr. Fredman signified his agreement, and the father—obviously eager to fill some utilitarian purpose—sprang into action; peeling back a corner of the carpet and baring several square feet of hardwood floor. Mrs. Moore piloted Daphne into position; then retreated.

"Okay," said Al. His lips formed the words, "One-two . . ." and he began to play *Swanee River* in strict, slow tempo.

Oblivous of the four pairs of eyes that focused on her, Daphne tapped out her routine, concentrating; mouth pursed; her shoulders, knees and head bouncing and bobbing in a labored, mechanical sort of rhythm. Once she missed a beat, and Mrs. Moore and Al peered at Mr. Fredman in quick anxiety to discover his reaction; but the producer's face was devoid of expression.

After a final, loud stomp, the child scampered to Mr. Fredman's desk and touched a glass paperweight. There were whorls of red and blue and yellow beneath its glittering surface. As she fondled it, Mr. Fredman commented to Al, "Dead pan."

Al and Mrs. Moore exchanged looks.

"She was out late last night," explained the mother hastily. "C'mere, hon. Smile for Mr. Fredman."

Daphne picked up the paperweight and smiled.

"She phodagraphs like a million bucks too," said Al, and at this cue the father withdrew some 8x12 prints from an envelope and placed them under the producer's nose.

"Every kine vexpression," declaimed Al, indicating the photos. "The kid c'n do anything. Nah, you think she godda dead pan, Mr. Fredman, and I'm gonna prove da you she ain't. The kid got real *heart*, Mr. Fredman. I godda nidea here. Iss jussa ninspiration with me that came ollova sudden, bud I think iddle prove da you, Mr. Fredman, that she ain't godda dead pan. C'mere, honey."

He led Daphne to the center of the room and crouched beside her, a hand on her shoulder.

"Nah, I wantcha da bear in mind thissiz all ad lib. Maybe she won't respond like I'd like, bud I'm takin' a chance she *will*, because she's a movvelous kid ta handle . . ."

He cleared his throat.

"Nah, Daphne," murmured Schlein as though he were reading a prayer: "Ya remember ya nice doll back home? The one widda black hair . . . wotsa name?"

"Do you mean Helen?"

"Ya love Helen very much, doncha, Daphne?"

"I love Helen very much."

"Nah, Daphne—" and a sob came into Schlein's voice, "I wantcha d'imagine that Helen is sick. She's very sick, Daphne, and ya know was gonna happen . . . ?"

Daphne's lower lip began to protrude. Her eyes glistened.

"Helen's going to—to *die*?" she whimpered.

Al nodded grimly. "Helen's gonna die." His tones became sepulchral. "Ya nevva gonna see liddle Helen again, Daphne. . . . Thinka liddle Helen lyin' there dead inner own liddle bed back home, Daphne. . . . And t'morra they're gonna take liddle Helen away from ya f'r evva. . . "

A tear fell on Daphne's cheek.

Al's manner underwent a dramatic change. He stood erect. He poked a finger in Daphne's face. "There's one thing that maybe c'n save 'er," he cried. "The doctor!"

"The doctor!" echoed Daphne, quivering.

"Nah, Daphne, I wantcha da pertend Mr. Fredman's the doctor. I wantcha da ask him to save Helen. Tell him you luvva. Tell him if anything happened ta Helen *you* would die too. Remember—Helen's life depends on *you!*" Al thrust her toward the producer.

The child gave a nervous shudder. A torrent brimmed in her eyes; then cascaded down her cheeks. She approached Mr. Fredman with clasped hands. The father breathed sharply.

"Doctor! Doctor!" Daphne wept, "Save my child! Save my own little Helen! *I* love her so, doctor. If anything happened to Helen, I would die, too. You *must* save her, doctor; you *must.* You must save her!"

She threw out her arms in convulsive appeal; then turned and ran to her mother who was waiting with a handkerchief.

"And that's zat," said Al, complacently.

"Very good, very good," muttered Mr. Fredman, examining his blotter pad.

"Three years old," said Al. "I'll call yon iss layder inna day, Mr. Fredman. Bud 'fi ever saw a sure picture bet, she's it."

Mrs. Moore finished buttoning Daphne's patent-leather street shoes.

"Say 'Good-bye, Mr. Fredman,' " grinned Al.

"Good-bye, Mr. Fredman," Daphne complied.

They nodded to the producer

and went out. "Call yabout four o'clock," reminded Schlein, pausing momentarily in the doorway.

Waiting for the elevator, Al said, "He's sold. Crazy about 'er. I c'n tell. Fredman don't say much, bud I know. Yer on yer wayda Hollywood, kid!" Playfully, he pinched Daphne's neck.

On the sidewalk, Schlein studied his watch. "Woddaya say we put on the feed-bag?" he suggested. The little group headed for the Automat at 47th and 8th.

QUESTIONS FOR MEMORY TEST

(Do not read these questions until you have finished studying the photograph on page 67.)

1. On a pole there is a cardboard figure of
   (*a*) Snow White
   (*b*) a gnome
   (*c*) Santa Claus
2. Above the cardboard figure, there is
   (*a*) a linen banner
   (*b*) a traffic light
   (*c*) a holly wreath
3. Visible in the picture are
   (*a*) two men
   (*b*) one man
   (*c*) no men
4. Above the foundation, the building is
   (*a*) frame
   (*b*) brick
   (*c*) stucco
5. One of the signs on the building reads
   (*a*) municipal police
   (*b*) city police
   (*c*) state police
6. One enters the first floor
   (*a*) directly off the street
   (*b*) with one or two steps up
   (*c*) with seven or eight steps up
7. The standing traffic sign at left reads
   (*a*) do not cut corners
   (*b*) no parking at this corner
   (*c*) no parking at any time
8. The temperature is most likely
   (*a*) 74 degrees
   (*b*) 25 degrees
   (*c*) 35 degrees below zero
9. The sidewalk is
   (*a*) planking
   (*b*) concrete
   (*c*) brick
10. The entrance door of the building is
    (*a*) solid wood
    (*b*) glass and wood
    (*c*) metal

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP, HERE IS A QUIZ THAT WILL TAKE YOU BACK TO THE NURSERY FOLD



HAVE YOU ANY WOOL?

IN THIS hectic grown-up life of ours, if it isn't a stress it's a strain. But once upon a time there were other more pleasant, less complex hours. By your leave, this quiz whisks you back to that bygone period — your nursery rhyme days. How vividly are those foolish, enchanting words fixed in your memory? You'll soon find out. Count two points for each correct answer. A total score of 60 is fair, 70 is good, 80 is excellent, and 90 or over is exceptional. Answers will be found on page 108.

1. Who sang for his supper?
2. "My son John" wore what articles of apparel when he went to bed?
3. What do Mr. Spratt, Master Horner and Jill's playmate have in common?
4. Unscramble these eight characters into four well-known pairs: cat, pussycat, unicorn, spoon, owl, fiddle, dish, lion.
5. While the maid was in the garden hanging out the clothes, what misfortune befell her?
6. The butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker set sail in what craft?
7. The following were the favorite dishes of what characters: (*a*) curds and whey, (*b*) pumpkins, (*c*) pie.
8. Divide the following ingredients into two recipes, one for boys and one for girls: snails, spice, scissors, puppy dogs' tails, everything nice, sugar.
9. Did Simple Simon fish in a lake, a tub or a pail?

10. What did Mary Mary, quite contrary, grow in her garden?
11. The Knave of Hearts committed larceny for what loot?
12. Hark, hark, the dogs do bark. Whose arrival are they announcing?
13. Describe the behavior of the little girl who had a curl right in the middle of her forehead.
14. When was Solomon Grundy buried?
15. What was little Jack Horner's opinion of himself when he pulled out the plum?
16. Needles and pins, needles and pins, what happens to a man once he marries?
17. Solve the following riddle by identifying one, two, three and four legs:

Two legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap.
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg.

Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring back one leg.

18. Cock-a-doodle-do! My dame has lost her ——; my master's lost his —— ——. What are the missing items?
19. Where did Doctor Foster go in a shower of rain?
20. Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee, what insect did the fly marry?
21. Will it bring good or bad luck if you see a pin and pick it up?
22. Ding, dong, bell, who is in the well?
23. Who unsuccessfully endeavored to put Humpty Dumpty together again?
24. What time was it when the mouse ran down the clock?
25. How old was the pease porridge in the pot?
26. Bobby Shaftoe went to sea with what adornment at his knee?
27. Tom, Tom, the piper's son, away he run! What misdeed had he committed?
28. What makes the mare go?
29. What was the reaction of the girls whom Georgy Porgy kissed?
30. To market, to market, to make what livestock purchase?
31. There was a crooked man who walked a crooked mile. What did he find beside the crooked stile?
32. What little animal broke all the rules by going to school?
33. Who was the sybaritic Mother Goose character who enjoyed smoking and listening to his string trio?
34. Which nursery rhyme character is best described by each of the following adjectives: (*a*) contrary, (*b*) tardy,

(*c*) nimble

35. What Mother Goose exhibitionist ran through the town, upstairs and downstairs, in his nightgown?
36. In the Cock Robin murder who killed Cock Robin, and what was the weapon he employed?
37. The Pussycat who went to London visited what personage? What else did he do while there?
38. What two Mother Goose girls had trouble with sheep?
39. Who was asked to blow his horn because the sheep were in the meadow, and the cows were in the corn?
40. What royal lady did her own cooking?
41. What would you ride to Banbury Cross?
42. Why is the ladybird urged to fly away home?
43. Who went to market, stayed home, had roast beef, and had none?
44. For want of a nail, what was ultimately lost?
45. Where was the fly invited to pay a visit?
46. Goosey, Goosey Gander wandered into places he didn't belong. What three places were they?
47. What Mother Goose characters were careless enough to lose their mittens?
48. Where did little Polly Flinders sit?
49. Name three rhymes that mention a specific amount of money.
50. I do not like thee, Doctor Fell. What is the reason?

ACCENT ON AGE

A WEALTHY colleague once stopped Voltaire on the boulevard and asked his advice about a personal problem. He had fallen in love with a young woman and wished to marry her. "But," he told Voltaire, "I am wondering if my chances would not be better if I told her I am only fifty years old instead of sixty."

"Knowing the young lady," replied Voltaire, "I should say your chance of gaining her hand would be increased if you told her that you are seventy-five. Her future will then appear brighter." —ERNEST WALLIS





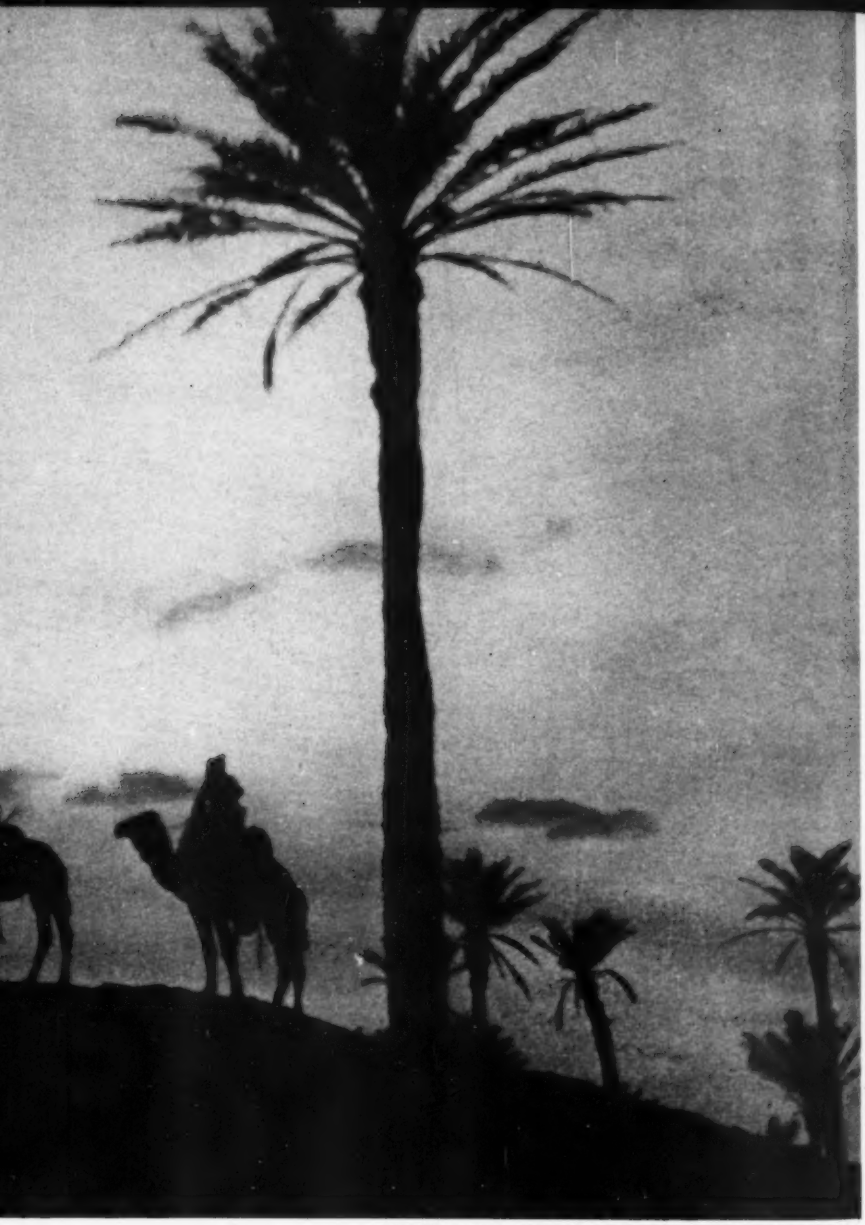
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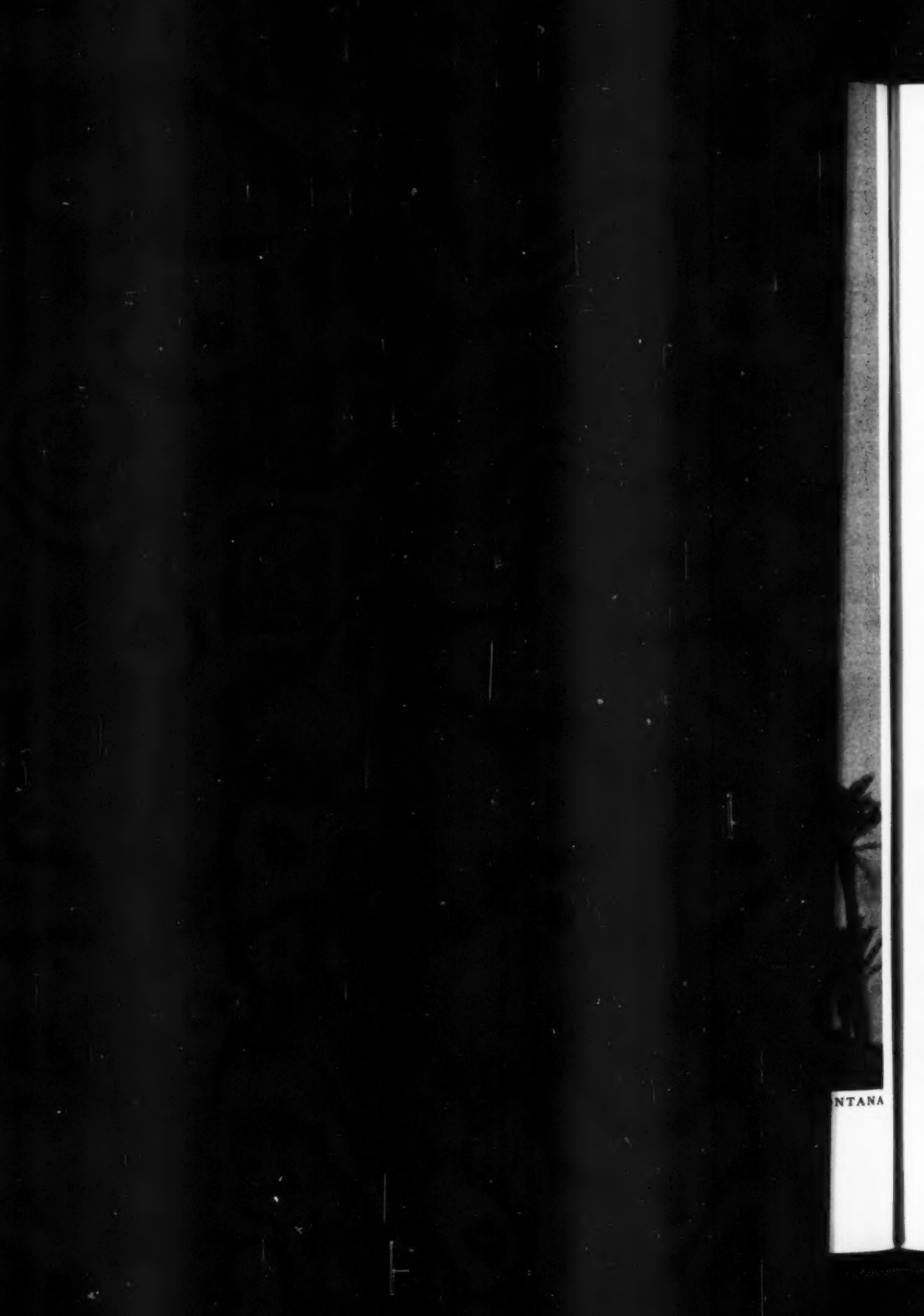
WITHIN THE CATHEDRAL



THREE WISE MEN



CHARLES W. HERBERT, LIVINGSTON, MONTANA


NTANA

NO STRINGS ATTACHED, NO INTEREST,
NO DISTINCTIONS OF CREED OR COLOR
—AND NO LOSS OF SELF-RESPECT



LOANS WITHOUT PREJUDICE

by ROGER KAFKA

ELLERY SPENCER shifted awkwardly in his chair. His feet, scraping the floor, seemed needlessly large. The dean pursed his lips thoughtfully while he listened to Ellery's story which was almost as old as the college and yet painfully new and desperate to the boy. His father, a successful magazine illustrator, had been unable to work for the past year because of an infected hand. With only six more months to graduation, Ellery found himself unable to continue because there was simply no more money available. If, somewhere, somehow, he could borrow a few hundred dollars he could get his engineering degree. Backed by his excellent record, the diploma would assure him a small job even in a world ridden with unemployment.

The dean was prepared to waive his tuition, but Ellery shook his head, that was not enough. He needed money for day to day living expenses. "Perhaps, then," said the dean, "you can arrange to borrow from the Hebrew Free Loan Society."

Ellery looked up in sharp surprise. "But I'm not Jewish."

The dean smiled. "That won't matter." And it didn't, because in spite of the organization's name it makes loans without regard to race, religion or color. Its only criterion is need, and for forty-nine years it has lent money to all comers without collateral or security of any kind, without investigation, without questioning the use to which the money would be put and—without a penny of interest!

The name, Ellery Spencer, is fictitious because loans are made

in absolute confidence, but the details are true in every respect. I saw the letter in the Society's files (with the name blanked out) that accompanied the last payment on the loan which made graduation and immediate employment possible.

And Ellery was only one of the 22,000 people a year who find their way to the Society's offices to borrow anywhere from five to five hundred dollars for a period of six months without any strings attached. By the end of 1939 almost 700,000 individuals had borrowed a total of thirty-one million dollars. The sum is impressive in dollars and cents, but it represents something more impressive in terms of renewed hope and happiness bought by the money.

IT ALL started in 1892, when ten Jewish merchants in New York City put ninety dollars into a fantastic little scheme. Mindful of the third of three principles which were supposed to be the cornerstone of their faith, the Bible, Prayer and Acts of Loving Kindness, they embarked on what seemed to be the most unlikely venture imaginable—a combination of banking and charity. A small part of the ninety dollars was to be given to anyone who applied, without investigation and without interest. We can only imagine how the idea was received by their more cynical friends. Yet, at the end of the first year, they found they had been able to lend twelve hundred dollars to 227 people. To the complete confusion of the cynics, borrowers responded by paying back as soon as they could, making the original stake available to lend to others; and many were so grateful that once tided over their momentary difficulty they felt impelled to contribute to the institution that had helped them.

The capital fund grew rapidly, so rapidly that the ten contributors found it almost impossible to pay the costs of bookkeeping and overhead. Prominent philanthropists like Jacob H. Schiff, Felix Warburg and Adolph Lewisohn came to the organization's assistance and in 1917 it was absorbed by the Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies, which now pays its operating expenses of $40,000 a year. But the basic principles remain unchanged.

The motivating idea comes from a verse in Exodus engraved on a plaque in the Society's main office. "if thou loan money to my people, to the poor by thee, thou shalt not

lay upon him any interest."

The shabby, narrow waiting room at 108 Second Avenue in New York City is crowded from nine until six, every day in the week. Applicants, from venerable patriarchs in threadbare gabardines to wandering bootblacks with their equipment in the box at their sides, remain seated in a row of chairs along one wall. One at a time they approach the teller's window to state the amount of the loan they need, unheard by any of the others. This is part of the system devised to spare the feelings of the borrowers. Each merely fills out a blank six inches square stating the amount required, name, address and occupation and the names of two endorsers who have bank accounts. Only one endorser is required for sums under fifty dollars, and these compose the bulk of the cases. As soon as the financial responsibility of the endorsers has been established the loan is granted. Usually this takes two or three days, but in some cases it is a matter of only a few hours.

In one instance a frantic father dashed in at two o'clock in the afternoon. His little daughter was dying of an unusual streptococcus infection with only one possible hope. In Canada a child had recovered from a similar infection and doctors believed that a serum made from its blood would help the girl. A phone call to the hospital verified his story and emphasized the fact that in twenty-four hours all hope would be gone. One hundred and fifty dollars were needed for telegrams, air express charges and the cost of the serum. By six o'clock the father was handed his check and in two weeks he called up to announce that the child was better and that he was taking her home.

Even the arrangement of desks in the crowded quarters is such that it contributes to the system of extreme discretion. Those employees who deal directly with clients are separated from each other by three or four workers who are engaged in bookkeeping and filing. The very check the applicant receives is a masterpiece of tact. It is identified by a number instead of having the Society's name on it, since that would immediately brand the borrower as a debtor wherever he cashed it.

The capital or loan fund of the Society gathered over a long period of years in small donations and bequests totals only a half million dollars. Consequently loans are supposed to be limited to six months in order to make

that amount available to as many people as possible in the course of a year. But special cases so often make this impossible that many loans run for two or even three years. Thus, the Society has sometimes found itself without funds to lend. Yet in spite of that fact it has never in its history turned an applicant away. It goes out and borrows money itself at commercial rates of interest in order to make free loans!

COMPARED with commercial or industrial banks the Society's methods seem lax indeed and it would appear to be a rich plum for petty swindlers among its clients. Strangely enough, though, its annual loss in bad debts has never amounted to more than one half of one per cent, and only two per cent of the endorsers have ever been asked to make good a bad note.

When I dropped in one morning there were some two hundred file cards on the desk of Mr. Abraham Gribetz, who is executive director. He was going through them as part of a routine checkup of the ten thousand accounts that are open at any given time and allowed me to see the occupations of the borrowers. There were more than sixty occupations represented and prominent among them were "Housewife" and "Unemployed," two classes of people who can never get loans anywhere else. Yet, as Mr. Gribetz put it, a housewife usually borrows for bread and milk or as a last resort when faced with a dispossess, and certainly no one needs a loan more than a man who is unemployed.

Perhaps it is because the Society specializes in lending to people who are face to face with bleak disaster that its clients so often insist upon considering the loan as a personal matter in spite of every effort to keep it businesslike. This fact is one of the minor difficulties of conducting business for Mr. Gribetz. Like the father with the sick child, many people call and come to see him to let him know how their ventures turn out. Mothers have brought in new-born babies and a doctor who borrowed to buy instruments when he began to practice, insisted that Mr. Gribetz take an hour off in the middle of the day so that he could be the first to ride in a new car.

Some cling to the illusion that the Society's loans are "lucky money," like the man who built a small loan up into a flourishing hotel chain stretching from the Adirondacks to Florida. Another startled clerks by jumping out of

a luxurious limousine as it pulled up to the curb and dashing through the crowded waiting room to place a substantial check on the director's desk. Breathlessly, and with little regard for syntax, he sputtered, "Just off for Europe —want to make a contribution to the work that made all this possible," and hurried out again. Comparison of the name on the check with the files revealed that he had borrowed a small sum many years before to go into business.

Although most applicants are poor, there are many who merely find themselves in temporary straits. Small business men often borrow to finance an expansion, and even the prosperous have found themselves without ready cash. Besides the special student fund which is kept separately and has sometimes financed trips to European universities, the files contain cards of borrowers in almost every conceivable occupation and vocation with only one notable exception: no member of the United States Senate has ever asked for a loan. A quick glance through the list shows innumerable stenographers, painters, waiters, furriers, grocers, a silk merchant, a well-known publisher, a high school principal, a professor of music at a large university, a diplomat, a Park Avenue doctor, a concert singer, several Jewish rabbis and a Catholic priest, as well as a Turkish Bath attendant and the credit manager of one of the country's greatest banks.

Schools and universities send the students, welfare organizations, including Catholic and Protestant missions, send others, but by far the largest number find their way after hearing of the organization from those who have benefited in the past.

The Society operates only in New York City, where it has three branch offices, but it has inspired others to start similar institutions in many large cities. It never makes a drive for funds, preferring to depend upon the gratitude of those who have received its help as well as on those who believe with its president, Mr. Julius J. Dukas, that "if you give a man charity, you pauperize him, but if you make him a loan—even a free loan—you restore him to society as a self-respecting, independent citizen."

Roger Kafka is a graduate of Dartmouth, where he took special studies in the sciences and in economics. He tried his hand at magazine writing after graduation and has to date appeared in five publications with articles on five subjects: plastics, dynamite, salt, housing and (now) "free loans."

We live not only in the waking world of sunlight and reality, but also in the world of dreams. And it sometimes seems that in our other life we have powers that are denied us while awake. Presented here are several of those odd but true tales from the life of sleep.

YOUR OTHER LIFE

IN THE whole vast record of our dream lives no story is stranger than the case of M. M. W. This woman, who published her account in the *Atlantic Monthly* under the three letter pseudonym, was stricken with sleeping sickness. For eleven weeks she was unconscious—at least so far as the waking world goes.

But during that entire period she lived an exciting dream life filled with thrilling adventures. Although she had never handled a pistol, she was a crack shot in her dream, saving many a desperate situation by her astonishing gun play.

She uncovered a plot by which a madman planted time bombs in newly built houses. With the aid of her husband, she fought a long feud with an unscrupulous neighbor. She had flirtations with men whom she had never met in her waking life. Once she signed a contract to do a stage act, and later performed as a star dancer.

It was a complete life, a life infinitely more adventurous than that which she resumed on the day when "consciousness" returned.



STAMMERING and noisy, an excited young man demanded that a six pound draft be paid at a Glasgow, Scotland, bank. Because of the young man's disturbing manner, the cashier paid the

draft at once, although it was not the stammerer's turn at the window.

Nine months later, the bank's books failed to balance by the sum of six pounds. Day after day the cashier sought to discover the error. At last, when he had almost given up hope of solving the problem, he fell into a deep sleep. Immediately he dreamed about the long forgotten incident of the stammerer and the draft, which draft had been improperly recorded.

Untangling a bank's books in your sleep is quite a trick, if you can do it.



"Poor Mrs. Timms, poor Mrs. Timms," murmured the four-year-old son of J. D. Beresford of North Buckinghamshire, England. The boy was in a sound sleep, and his father, who was standing by the bed, could make no sense of the mumblings. He had never heard of Mrs. Timms.

Later it was ascertained that there was a Mrs. Timms in a nearby village, but so far as could be discovered, the child had never seen nor heard of her. When he awakened, the boy had no memory of the dream which had inspired his mumbled statement.

Three days after the peculiar incident, Mrs. Timms received word that her son had been killed in action. The first World War was then being fought. The soldier had died the day before the child had dreamed of sorrow in store—sorrow in store for a woman he did not even know and of whose son he had not heard.



During his dream life, Charles Walkden, of Victoria, B. C., watched the drilling of an oil well in which he was much interested. The well was being sunk at Wainwright, Alberta, a town hundreds of miles away.

Suddenly in the dream of drilling operations Walkden saw the casing hit a rock, and the resulting spark touch off escaping gas, transforming the well into an inferno. This unfortunate turn of events awakened Walkden. He at once wrote down the time and exact details of the dream.

Next morning when he arrived at the office of his broker, he scanned the bulletin board for news of the drilling operations at Wainright, but there was no information. Three days later news arrived that the Wainwright well had caught fire in just the manner observed by Walkden in his dream. Investigation revealed that the disaster had occurred at the exact moment of the dream, but that the news had been delayed three days. All of the evidence was triple checked.

Are we in sleep occasionally freed from those two great illusions, *time* and *space?*

Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of $5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

HISTORY HAS SET HIM DOWN
AS A TRAITOR AND MURDERER
BUT IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE



AARON BURR'S SIDE OF IT

by LOUIS ZARA

TRUE greatness eluded him by a hand's grasp, but tragedy dogged his footsteps and, finally, rode on his coat tails. He was never proven guilty of treason, yet his name is most often uttered in one breath with that of Benedict Arnold. He fought the most famous duel on the continent but, by winning it, made himself an outcast and the man he killed a saint.

Aaron Burr was born in Newark on February 6, 1756. His father was president of Princeton College. Young Aaron was two when, his parents having died, he was taken to live with his Uncle Timothy. The boy grew up headstrong but brilliant. At sixteen he was graduated from Princeton College. At eighteen he was studying law and winning feminine hearts. He had his affairs: one came to an elopement that was foiled by the girl's family.

When the news of the fighting at Lexington reached him, the nineteen-year-old Burr joined Colonel Benedict Arnold's expedition to Quebec as a cadet. Under the daredevil Arnold the youth served valiantly.

On his return to the rebelling colonies he served on Washington's staff, where he probably met young Alexander Hamilton for the first time. Promotion was slow and, after four years of campaigning, ill health compelled Burr's retirement from the army.

He studied law and passed his examinations brilliantly. Hardly had he entered practice when he was wedded to Mrs. Theodosia Prevost, a woman of intellectual attainments rather than of beauty or wealth. In New York he was a member of the State Assembly

and one of the most successful lawyers in the town; often his associate counsel was Alexander Hamilton. He earned large sums of money, he speculated in lands and stocks, he lived in a grand style, and he was always in debt.

Instead of a fee for his legal services in one case he received a fine set of dueling pistols. Burr practiced with his new pistols and was reported an uncommonly good shot. It was a day when the *code duello* ruled, and gentlemen met on "a field of honor" to win satisfaction for slights, real or fancied.

IT WAS Alexander Hamilton, his legal associate, who in 1789 brought Burr actively into politics. But they were not together long when Burr, seeing his opportunity, entered the opposing camp and was rewarded with the Attorney-Generalship of the State of New York. Two years later, when Aaron Burr was thirty-five, he had power enough to win from the legislature, election to the United States Senate. He was recognized as capable but dangerous: an adventurer, and neither Hamilton nor Jefferson had anything good to say of him—privately. Through Hamilton, Burr lost his senatorship; through Jefferson, Burr ran a poor second on the Republican ticket in 1796.

Burr began to lay shrewd plans for the presidential campaign of 1800. But the electoral college voted Burr, 73; Jefferson, 73; and the decision on the choice of a third president of the United States was thrown into the House of Representatives. Again it was Alexander Hamilton who crossed Burr's path. By throwing his strength to his old enemy, Thomas Jefferson, he defeated Aaron Burr, the man he called "Catiline."

In 1804 Burr was not renominated on the Jefferson ticket. He was a candidate for the Governorship of New York, but Hamilton opposed him bitterly and he lost the state. Hamilton had long fought Burr, but he had always been fairly careful with his choice of words. However, in the last campaign he went too far and Burr asked an explanation. Hamilton equivocated and Burr called him out. On the morning of July 11, 1804, the two men met at Weehawken in New Jersey. In the first exchange of shots Hamilton fell. He died the following day.

Burr has been criticized bitterly for his victory, yet Andrew Jackson, later President, was an ardent and often victorious duelist. One

cannot escape the conclusion that Burr's enemies used the episode to try to crush him, for Hamilton fell victim not so much to Burr as to the "code" which he and the other men of the day had accepted. To escape the storm that broke over his head Burr went South.

Then came the "conspiracy" for which Burr has been called traitor. Aaron Burr planned the conquest of Texas and Mexico: only by such a coup could he hope to win back the esteem of his countrymen, or to win an empire.

Burr went down the Ohio to win support for his schemes. He made progress: the West received him gladly, but eventually the tide turned against him. In Kentucky he appeared three times to answer charges and three times he walked out free. But others began to look on him with suspicion, and finally he was captured and led four hundred miles through the wilderness to Richmond.

Chief Justice John Marshall presided at his trial for treason. Jefferson did his best to persecute Burr, but Marshall was no friend of the President. Moreover, in his own defense Burr was magnificent and, in the end, he was triumphant, for no overt act of treason had been proven against him. It was his last "victory," for his countrymen believed him guilty nevertheless.

Ridden by debts and pursued by indictments, he wandered, a Ulysses fleeing from the Furies. He went to Europe, voyaging for four years, truly the man without a country. When he returned to New York he took up the practice of law again.

For twenty years he lived on, walking the streets, now a dandy, now a beggar. He suffered strokes but took a long time dying, and he did not go to that last field of honor until September 14, 1836. He was eighty, full of years and adventures. No stranger figure ever trod the nation's stage.

ANSWERS TO PICTORIAL QUIZ ON PAGE 72

A—9	F—2
B—1	G—6
C—4	H—5
D—10	I—3
E—8	J—7

HERE ARE NEW DISHES FOR YOUR HOLIDAY FEAST, AND SOME OLD ONES COOKED TO TASTE AS GOOD AS NEW



VENTURES IN CHRISTMAS EATING

by MARTIN GRAHAM

BY THE time Christmas comes around the epicures will be thoroughly fed up with turkey, although most of us probably agree that we are ready to enjoy the savory big bird at any time. Still it is wise to follow the epicures' advice once in a while, even if one does not happen to be a culinary snob.

However, I want a different dinner this coming Christmas. I want to break away from age-old custom. Not altogether, of course, for I would not give up the Christmas pudding—but I do want to say good-bye to turkey.

Late in the fall (for this is the time a good householder begins to meditate about his Christmas feast) I found myself continually looking out of my little country shack at Bosco, the swan. He circled slowly and majestically on the surface of a small lake. I had read enough Pepys to know that a cygnet makes an excellent repast, and in addition I like to experiment in culinary matters. Murderous thoughts slowly came to mind. To be fully prepared, I looked up an old recipe for cooking swan, as set down by the chef of Lady Betty Trafford of Wroxham Hall, Norfolk, since not so many years ago swan was *the* Christmas bird in England. The chef said:

> Pluck the cygnet like a goose or duck. Take three pounds beef steak, pound them in a mortar with a small onion, a nutmeg, a little mace, pepper and salt, according to taste. Stuff this into the cygnet, and tie it up very tight that the gravy may not escape. Make a rather stiff meat paste and lay it over the breast. Cover the whole bird with a large sheet of brown paper, well greased. A quarter of an hour or so before the bird is taken off

the spit, remove the paper and paste to allow the cygnet to brown. Make a good strong gravy with beef; add to it half a pint of port wine. When the cygnet is dished up for the table pour this through the bird and serve it with hot red currant jelly.

I dreamed about Bosco at least three times in succession and as I nourished my base but tempting thoughts, I became more and more determined. A swan does not belong to anybody, does he? And besides, Bosco must have weighed at least twenty pounds.

But the swan apparently became suspicious, because one day he disappeared from the lake. And sadly eliminating the fine swan, whose tender meat I could almost taste already, I worked out the following Christmas menu instead:

Oysters
Bisque of Lobster
"Clos Vougeot" Blanc (or California white if I am broke)
Radishes and Celery
Roast Goose
"Moulin à Vent" (or California red if there is no Christmas bonus)
Potatoes and Peas
Christmas Pudding
Fruit Salad with Five Liqueurs
Punch à la Française (to be served about an hour after coffee)

I like ordinary Blue Points. I'd like to have thinly sliced buttered brown bread with the oysters, as they used to serve them at Prunier's in Paris. I also would like some lemon and pepper, but no tomato sauce or that so-called oyster cocktail under any circumstances. Incidentally, American oysters are infinitely better than the French or English, not excluding the expensive Marennes or the rare Kentish coast Whitstables or Colchesters.

Contrasts between courses are important. The cold oysters will be followed by the hot bisque of lobster soup, which should be prepared like this:

Take two pounds of boiled lobster, pound them in a mortar and put this in a saucepan with some of the water in which the lobster was boiled. Add one quart of bouillon and one quart of bouquet (any cookbook will tell you how to make these two stocks, without which no successful cuisine can get along), half a pint of raw rice, no salt, and only a bit of pepper. Boil it for forty-five minutes, strain through a fine sieve, and add half a cup of cream. Let it heat up but do not boil it again. Serve with small squares of boiled lobster claw, cut in dice.

In this form the lobster, a slow-moving crawfish, which often shifts into reverse in life, will disappear more quickly and smoothly than you can imagine. And the

slow-moving goose should appear quickly on the table in its roast stage. Long waits between courses are exasperating.

I fail to understand why the goose is a neglected bird in America, when it ranks above all the poultry in France, Alsace, and all over Hungary. And how about the famous liver of this bird—the *fois gras?* The young goose, at springtime, is as lean and tender as the finest chicken, and the taste of it is a thousand times more interesting.

On the other hand, later, in the fall and in winter, goose drumsticks take on prodigious proportions — as do livers — and have none of the sinews that make you irritated with an otherwise excellently flavored turkey.

It is easy to raise a goose. Its maintenance is inexpensive—it thrives on the most meagre diet and provides the family with other things besides meat. In many European households they use only goose fat for cooking, and I can tell you that it's excellent.

But it is not possible to clarify the goose issue in a short paragraph; instead of further praises and explanations, I give you a recipe for roast goose; try it yourself and after tasting it include me in your prayers:

Singe, draw, and wash well a tender goose of about four pounds. Don't forget to wipe the interior thoroughly with a cloth. You can either stuff it with chestnuts, or the chopped up giblets plus bread-crumbs, onion, fat, sage, salt and pepper. I like the chestnut stuffing best. Close both ends, truss well, sprinkle a little salt over the bird, and wrapping it up in buttered paper, place it in a roasting pan. Cook for one hour and a half in a moderately heated oven and baste it every ten minutes with its own gravy. After an hour and a half take the bird out of the oven, untruss it, and skimming the fat from the gravy, boil it and strain it, serving the gravy separately. Applesauce goes with it splendidly.

This is the ordinary way of preparing goose. There is also, goose braised, deviled, or with potato stuffing.

A little shamefacedly, I admit that I like best the plebeian plain boiled potato, or perhaps Lyonnaise ones. I prefer green peas *à la Bourgeoise*, which hall-marked suffix only means that after the peas are cooked, two yolks of eggs and a cupful of sweet cream are added. The best celery as well as the best radishes are found in the United States, so I shall certainly serve them, too, as savory trimmings to the pièce de résistance.

Do not overlook the Punch à la Française. It will make you sing grateful Christmas carols. Here is the recipe—it is easy to follow:

Have your stove very hot; pour a pint of rum and twelve ounces of granulated sugar in a saucepan and stir it continuously until it is reduced to about half of the original bulk. Add the juice of four oranges and three lemons and put the vessel aside, but still keep it hot. Prepare tea with a pint of water and let this infuse for ten minutes and then strain the tea into the rum preparation, which you must return now to the hot range. As it all starts to boil, skim and serve.

The cost? It's not a cheap dinner, but then Christmas comes but once a year.

—Suggestions for further reading:

GOOD FOOD AND HOW TO COOK IT
by Phyllis K. Newill $2.50
D. Appleton-Century Co., New York

THE FINER COOKING
by X. M. Boulestin $5.00
Oxford University Press, New York

KITCHEN MAGIC
by Constance Cassady $1.50
Farrar & Rinehart, New York

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 88-90

1. Little Tommy Tucker; 2. He "went to bed with his stockings on," and one shoe; 3. They are all named Jack; 4. Cat and fiddle, owl and pussycat, lion and unicorn, dish and spoon; 5. "Along came a blackbird and snipped off her nose"; 6. A tub; 7. (*a*) Miss Muffet, (*b*) Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater, (*c*) Simple Simon or Jack Horner; 8. Boys: scissors and snails, and puppy dogs' tails; girls: sugar and spice, and everything nice; 9. "All the water that he had was in his mother's pail"; 10. Silver bells, and cockle shells, and pretty maids all in a row.

11. Tarts; 12. The beggars are coming to town; 13. When she was good she was very very good, when she was bad she was horrid; 14. Sunday; 15. He cried, "What a good boy am I!"; 16. His trouble begins; 17. One leg: a leg of mutton; two legs: a person; three legs: a stool; four legs: a dog; 18. Shoe, fiddle-stick; 19. Gloucester; 20. Bumble (or humble) bee.

21. "All the day you'll have good luck"; 22. Pussy; 23. "All the king's horses, and all the king's men"; 24. One o'clock; 25. Nine days old; 26. Silver buckles; 27. He stole a pig; 28. Money; 29. They cried; 30. To buy a fat pig.

31. A crooked sixpence; 32. Mary's lamb; 33. King Cole; 34. (*a*) Mary, Mary, (*b*) Ten O'clock Scholar, (*c*) Jack; 35. Wee Willie Winkie; 36. "I," said the sparrow, "with my bow and arrow."; 37. The Queen; he frightened a little mouse under her chair; 38. Mary with her lamb, Little Bo Peep with her sheep; 39. Little Boy Blue; 40. Queen of Hearts who baked some tarts.

41. A Cock Horse; 42. "Your house is on fire, your children will burn"; 43. The Little Pigs; 44. A kingdom; 45. Spider's parlor; 46. Upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber; 47. Three Little Kittens; 48. Among the cinders; 49. Crooked Man who found a crooked sixpence; Hot Cross Buns, one a penny, two a penny; I love sixpence; a dillar, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar; Sing a Song o' Sixpence; 50. No apparent reason ("The reason why I cannot tell").

A REPORT, FROM A STRICTLY NEUTRAL OBSERVER, ON WHO IS DOING WHAT IN THE REALM OF THE VERY LIVELY ARTS

CARLETON SMITH'S CORNER

CORONETS:

To Sigrid Undset's *Madame Dorothea*, a woman and mother you will not forget.

To Wilhelm Furtwängler for his unsurpassed recording of *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* (English Decca Nos. 211-13): it has the right admixture of romance, sentiment and virility.

To Sydney Greenstreet, the brusque, moody Uncle Waldemar of *There Shall Be No Night:* a convincing Sibelian figure.

To Franz Hoellering's *The Defenders:* a story of the crisis in Vienna before the anschluss, told with precision, intelligence and detachment: the beginning of the end.

To Vladimir Horowitz who now enjoys the success he deserved five years ago when he actually played all the notes and didn't use the pedal to conceal the fact that he was hitting a number of wrong ones.

DUNCE CAPS:

To music lovers who conduct with their heads.

To RCA-Victor for permitting Eugene Ormandy to record Serge Koussevitzky's specialty: Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé.*

To Moriz Rosenthal for spending all his declining years spitting at his ex-colleagues.

To Columbia Recording big-wigs for not issuing Brahms and Beethoven by Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony, whose mellow, old-wine tone would be gratefully greeted as a welcome relief to the edgy virtuosity of the famed Eastern orchestras.

THORNS:

To the Metropolitan Opera for charging the public $7 a seat to hear auditions of young, inexperienced conductors. There isn't an inspired maestro in the house.

To news announcers who mix without any break in their intonation, war news and commercial plugs.

To *The Ramparts We Watch* for pulling its punches and muffing its opportunity.

To Phil Spitalny and his all-girl orchestra for exuding fake charm and bum music: they need practice.

To Mrs. Fritz Kreisler for pretending she created the world's greatest violinist.

SO THEY SAY:

Tallulah Bankhead (as Second Mrs. Tanqueray): "As for kissing, the mere contact would give him chapped lips."

William Saroyan: "Like most Americans, my faith consists in believing in every religion, including my own, but without any ill-will toward anybody, no matter what he believes or disbelieves, just so his personality is good."

Dorothy Thompson: "We fight in this most anguished of centuries not because we are pure but because we want to be pure."

Gene Buck: "I hate people with a message. Stay away from them and you'll be happy."

Maurice Maeterlinck: "France is not dead. She is only wounded."

TONGUES TWISTED:

Deems Taylor, intending to introduce Sigmund Romberg as an admirer of Jerome Kern, began: "Mr. Romberg is an ardent fern-can."

Artur Rodzinski, asked who is the greatest living violinist, replied, "Kreifetz."

STRICTLY INCIDENTAL:

Leopold Stokowski, whose favorite pastime is doctoring others' scores, once wrote an orchestral composition. It lasted one rehearsal.

The Theater Guild's current *Twelfth Night* not only stars a woman but is produced and directed by women.

Recommended gift for your sophisticated friend: a holder for her cigar. Women smoke cigars now in New York cafés.

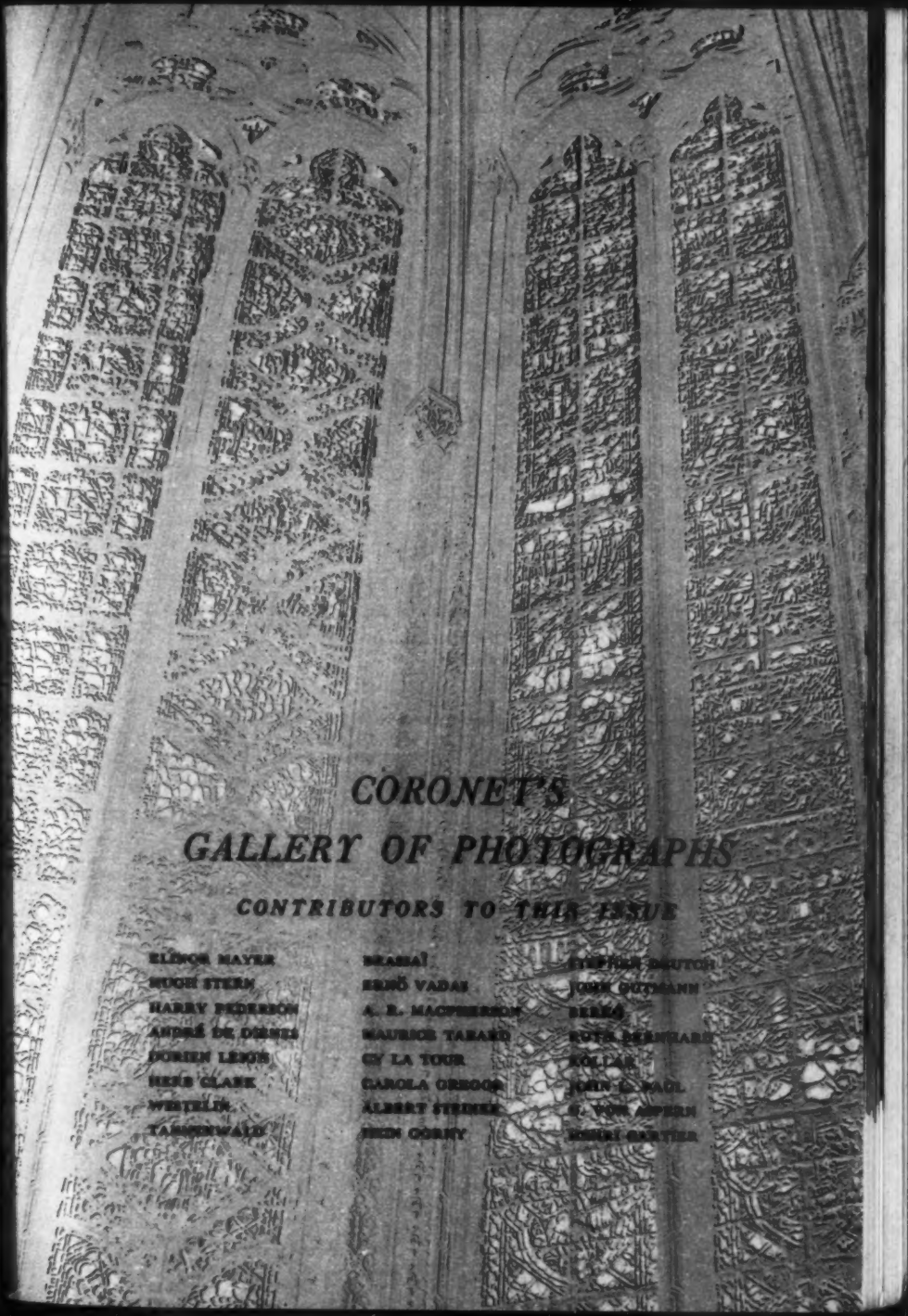
John Alden Carpenter is writing a new symphony for the Chicago Symphony's 50th Anniversary Season.

Over fifteen million dollars has been paid this year to quack voice teachers.

Duke Ellington has promised to write Larry Adler a harmonica concerto. Knowing Ellington, Larry expects it in 1980.

Eliel Saarinen has drawn plans for an opera house at Tanglewood, Massachusetts, where Serge Koussevitzky will conduct a Mozart opera next summer.

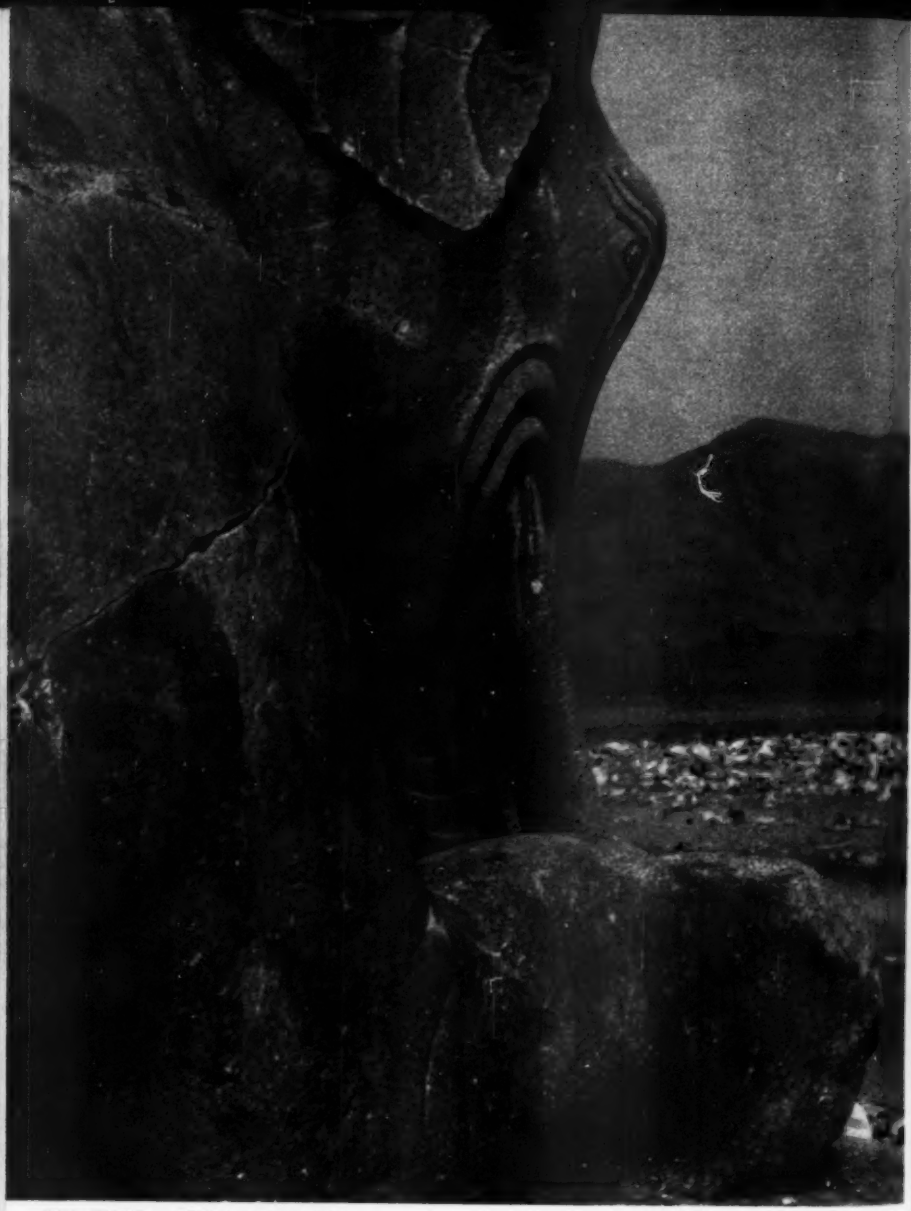
Glenn Miller's current radio contract calls for $5,000 a week plus cost of stand-bys and vocal talent.



CORONET'S GALLERY OF PHOTOGRAPHS

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JOHN GUTMANN
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KOLLAR
JOHN G. RAGL
E. VON HIPPEN
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BY THE MING TOMBS — ELINOR MAYER, NEW YORK



HUGH STERN, FROM MONKEMEYER

CASTLE ON THE HUDSON



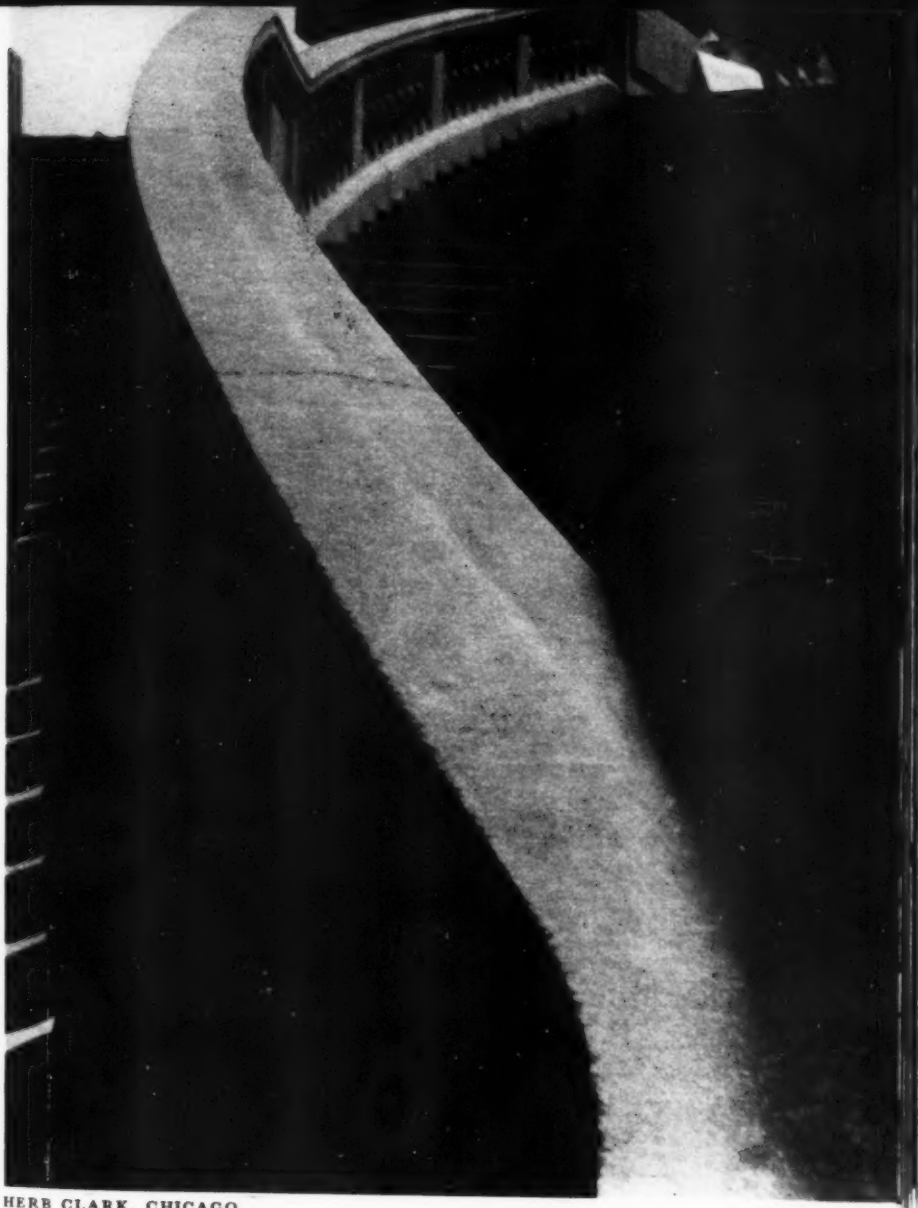
WHERE THE BEE SUCKS — HARRY PEDERSON, MC ALLEN, TEXAS



ANDRÉ DE DIENES, NEW YORK ARRANGEMENT IN BLACK AND WHITE

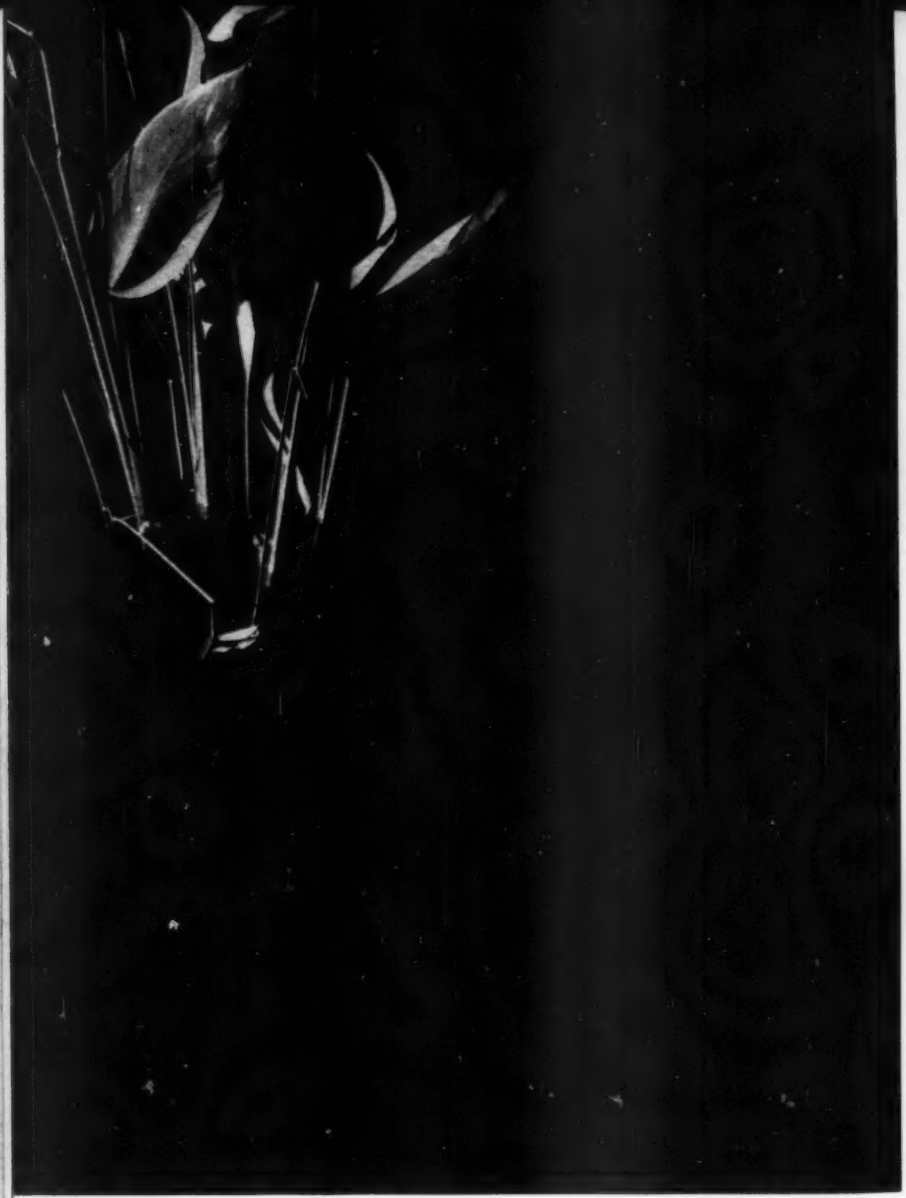


POINT, COUNTERPOINT — FROM DORIEN LEIGH, LONDON



HERB CLARK, CHICAGO

UPTURN



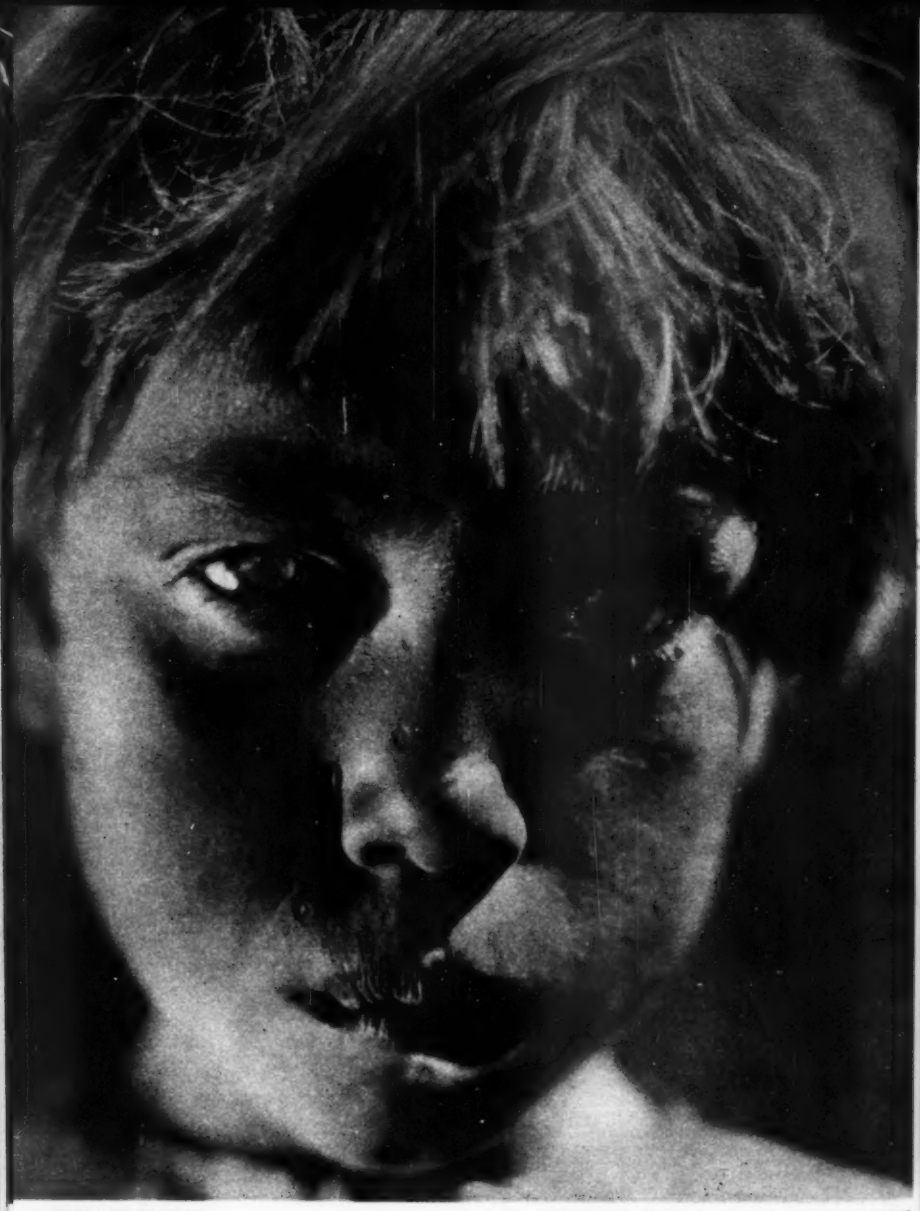
HYDROPONIC

WESTELIN, CHICAGO



ANDRÉ DE DIENES, NEW YORK

RADII



THATCHED

HEIDERSBERGER, FROM MONKEMEYER



TANNENWALD, PARIS

LAUGHING BOY



CATWALK

BRASSAÏ, PARIS

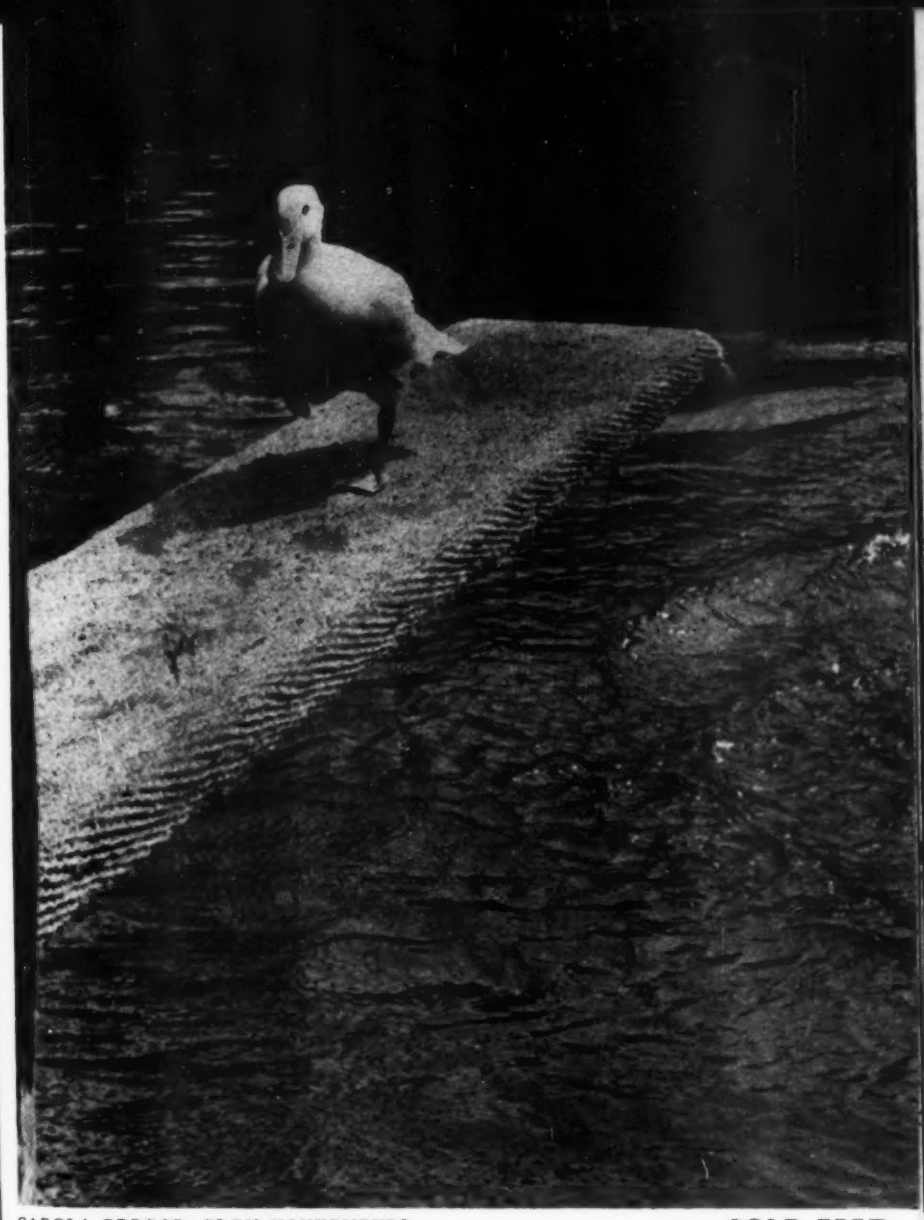


ERNÖ VADAS, BUDAPEST

HORSE TO WATER



SIBERIANS CY LA TOUR, PASADENA, CALIF.



CAROLA GREGOR, FROM MONKEMEYER

COLD FEET



SNOWBALL TREE

ALBERT STEINER, FROM BLACK STAR



HEIN GORNY, NEW YORK

SKI STREET



AAH!

STEPHEN DEUTCH, CHICAGO



HUGH STERN, FROM MONKEMEYER

"THE FIRST NOËL"



SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

CAROLA GREGOR, FROM MONKEMEYER



JOHN GUTMANN, SAN FRANCISCO

NO SANTA CLAUS?



MARQUISETTE

BERKÖ, BOMBAY

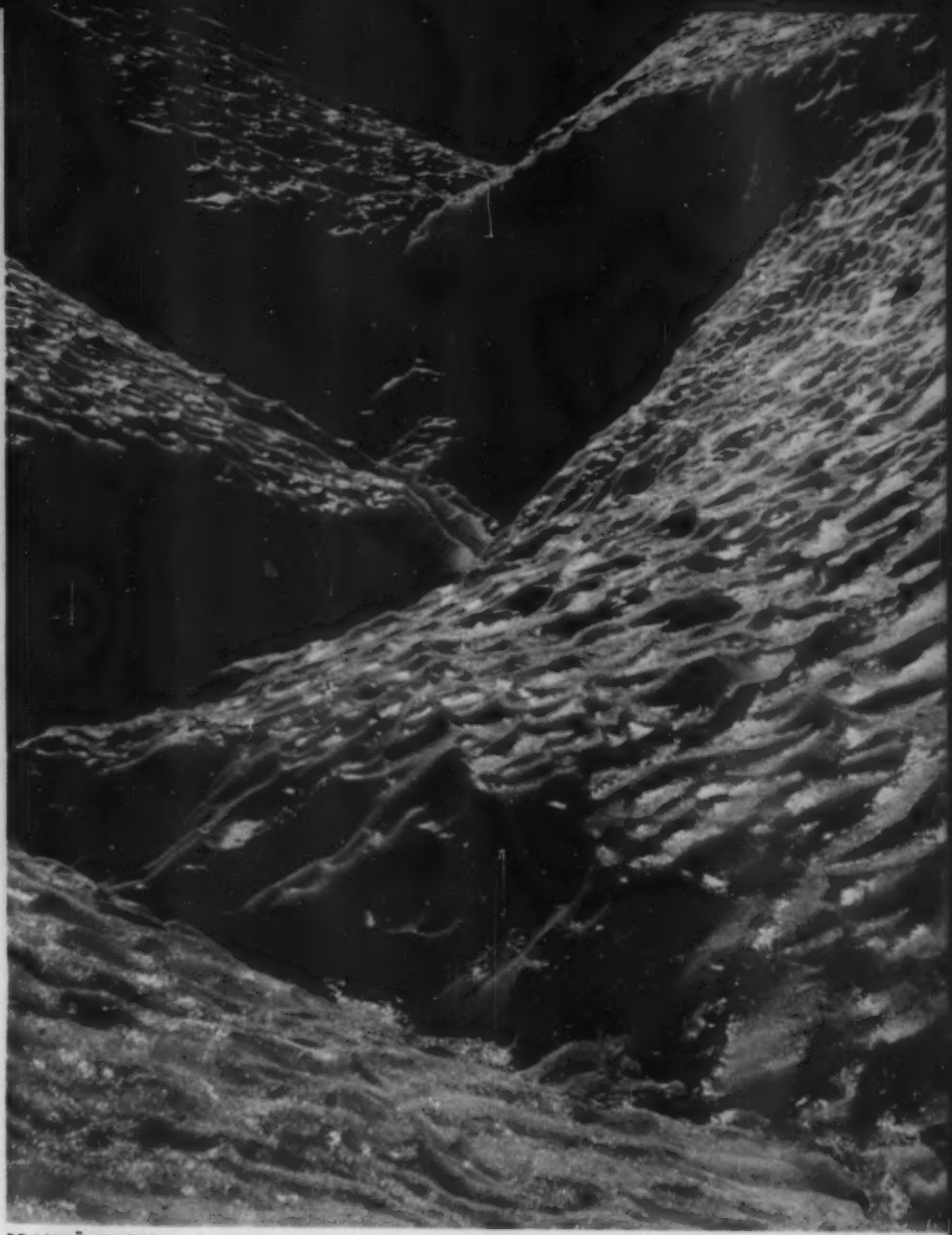


RUTH BERNHARD, FROM BLACK STAR

SKATER'S WALTZ



ST. BERNARD AND THE DEVIL KOLLAR, FROM U. S. PICTURES



BRASSAÏ, PARIS

IMPASSE



SPARKS FLY UPWARD — JOHN L. PAUL, CHICAGO



ANDRÉ DE DIENES, NEW YORK

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY



POSEUSE

G. VON ASPERN, CHICAGO



A. RAPHAEL MACPHERSON, CHICAGO

ONE-AND-*TWO*-AND



SIDEWALK SIESTA

HENRI CARTIER, PARIS



MAURICE TABARD, PARIS

WILD GOOSE CHASE



IN A CONVENT GARDEN — JOHN GUTMANN, SAN FRANCISCO

TAKE YOUR PEN IN HAND:
YOU'RE SURE TO BE SURPRISED
AND MAY EVEN BE "AMAZED"



YOUR HANDWRITING REVEALS—

by MARGUERITE BARZE

WITH pen and ink—not pencil—write ten or fifteen lines on any subject and then sign your name. Please do this as naturally as possible. Now, with your permission, and co-operation, we are ready to analyze your handwriting and determine what it reveals about your personality.

Yes—I'm a graphologist. If you don't believe in graphology, I won't argue with you. But I will suggest that you nevertheless try this experiment for the fun of it. You may find yourself less skeptical when you get done.

At any rate, Doubting Thomas or not, please take your pen in hand at the outset and write those lines. Unless you do so, you won't find this article very interesting. But if you get that sample in front of you, I guarantee you won't be bored—unless you can somehow manage the extraordinarily difficult feat of being bored with yourself.

Is YOUR writing hard to read? No, you aren't a moron. Many well-educated persons write a horrible hand, as far as legibility is concerned. And yet, if you're a scatter-brain, don't think your writing won't show it! We'll come to that later.

Does your writing slant upward on the page and the words seem to rise at the end? You are exuberant and full of good spirits. If your words and lines slant downward, you see mostly the hole in the doughnut. If your letters get a wee bit larger toward the end of your words, you are prone to blurt things out. But if they get smaller and dwindle toward the end, you are tactful and diplomatic.

Do you connect all the letters in each word together? You're a logical, consistent thinker. With a one-track mind? Quite likely. Joining words together indicates a gift for intensive reasoning and logic, while breaking words up into several parts, especially if some of the letters are in printed formation, reveals frequent flashes of intuition. It presupposes a native intelligence and literary taste.

Are your *i* dots and *t* crossings a long way off from their owners? You've a vivid imagination. But when they look like little tents, your mind is penetrating and critical. If you cross your *t's* with a line in front that doesn't quite get there, you probably don't get there either. If it runs away from the *t*, you are full of nervous energy and enthusiasm. If this sign is found in vertical writing, sh-h-h—it may be a nasty temper!

Is your *t* crossing wavy, your *i* dot a tiny line instead of a mere speck? You can laugh at yourself, for you have a fine sense of humor. If you cross your *t's* with a firm down-slanting stroke, you are a very determined person. And if you don't raise your hand for the return stroke, so that your *t* looks like a triangle, you are double-crossing yourself a bit, as well as your *t*. How? By allowing your sensitive nature to protect your feelings too much. If you cross it with a big extended loop, you're saying plainly, "I'm touchy!"

What kind of a pen do you like to write with? You reveal a great deal about yourself by the sort of pen you use. If you like a stub, so that your writing is dark and heavy, you've physical energy to burn, and are vital and materialistic. If you like a very fine pen, you are visionary, less vigorous, an idealist.

Do you write in great big letters, with the result that only a few words can go on a line? You're extravagant and like to do things on a lavish scale. The smaller the writing, the more attention you give to details and the greater your powers of concentration. If you write too, too tiny, and vertical, you'd better snap out of it—before you snap!

If your capitals are quite inflated, you are proud and crave attention. If you fancy them up with curlicues, you have a flair for things melodramatic. When the lower portion of your capitals is larger than the upper, as in *I* and *L*, you are vain regarding your personal appearance. Printed or severe capitals, regardless of size, indicate esthetic qualities.

The larger your capitals are,

in proportion to the rest of your writing, the more egotistical you are—even to being a show-off. Which is no worse than being too unassuming, designated by creep-mouse capitals that hardly stand out from the small letters. If your capitals are too meek and lowly, you need to find some legitimate means of bolstering your confidence and self-assurance.

The way you sign your name gives others the low-down on what you think of yourself. Is your signature the same size and slant as the balance of your writing? People should, and do, take you at your own face value. Is your signature smaller than the body of your writing? You are too retiring and modest, and underestimate your own value. This does not make for a forceful personality. If it is larger than the rest, you are a positive sort of person. This points to an innate pride and self-esteem.

To underscore your signature is to proclaim, "Here is a person of significance—applaud him." But don't hang your head. Very likely you're only trying to compensate for an old inferiority complex. If the line is straight and forceful, you are direct and forceful, too. If it is curved and graceful, you have a gracious, charming manner. And in any group of people, those who stand out from the crowd because of magnetic personalities usually underscore their names or add some flourish that makes the signature unique.

Over a period of years a person's writing will indicate changes of character and temperament. Children write with a round hand, and if this roundness is still apparent in the writing of an adult it shows a mild, credulous, pliable nature.

When a child, or an adult, writes with a firm steady pressure, he is robust, active and full of animal spirits. If the pressure is light and fine, he is sensitive, impressionable, and less robust. Heavy pressure writers are, as a rule, more inclined toward people and pleasure; light pressure writers toward books and serious study.

Sexual energy is denoted by heavy wide strokes of the pen and long lower loops. If letter formations indicate idealism, if the *t* bars show conscious control, if the writing is vertical, all of these factors would indicate that the sex drive did not dominate but was being sublimated into creative force. And these vital, creative people are the outstanding ones in any field.

Loops are a symbol of emotion.

When upper loops on letters such as *h*, *l* and *k* are wide and high, you are sensitive and expansive, and allow yourself emotional expression. Actors and musicians usually show this trait in their writing. If the loops are tall but narrow, you are exercising conscious restraint and control. Short upper loops denote practicality. But do you leave off the loop and use only a single line? You are a quick thinker and are well-developed mentally.

Long wide lower loops show love of physical activity, a delight in satisfying physical appetites. Are you an opinionated person? You are pretty sure to make angular lower loops. And if you are protecting a weakness in your make-up, you will curl your lower loops like the tail of a pig. Short loops denote inertia, which may be due to a lack of robustness. Or—laziness.

Perhaps you have mechanical ability which amounts almost to an art. This faculty may manifest itself in mathematics as well as in handiwork. Then you are the maker of *y*'s that look like 7's, and *g*'s that look like 9's, which have only a short down-stroke and no loop at all. If you make this kind of a *y* and *g* and are seeking a trade or hobby, put that flair for handicraft or figures to work.

Do you often print the small letters *s*, *r* and *a*? You have constructive ability and can formulate your own ideas. Where capitals, too, are printed and disconnected, this trait is enhanced. If you print capitals one time and write them the next, you demonstrate your versatility. Yet variation in the slant of your writing, from time to time, or from word to word, shows emotional instability.

Printed formations of *d* and *e*, and often of *l*, *f* and *k* also, belong primarily to persons of advanced culture. *G*, made like an *8*, has a significance all its own. In any hand, cultured or less so, it shows the capacity to adapt oneself to varying circumstances because of a philosophical slant on life.

Are you interested in appearances? You make a broad precise *r*. A quick round-cornered *r* indicates a quick mind that isn't bothered by details or appearances.

Do you make *m*'s and *n*'s like *u*'s? You have a keen and critical mind coupled with gentle, yielding emotions. Roundness of *m*'s and *n*'s, as was said of all round writing, points to a malleable, childlike nature. *M*'s and *n*'s that are pointed at both top and bottom reveal a sharp, intolerant

streak. In making them as capitals, if the last loop is highest and pointed, you are a domineering person.

A small open *h*, whose two parts don't stick together, reveals that you are altruistic and sympathetic. A highly involved-looking capital *H* indicates a complex nature that can get you into involved situations oftener than anyone else. Of course you *are* painstaking, but you take the pains in the wrong place!

Now—what have you? All of these traits fit into a pattern, dovetailing with and counterbalancing one another. For this reason, you must balance your total. See if your love of worldly pleasure, shown by long wide lower loops, is balanced by an idealism or spiritual nature, indicated by high wide upper loops. You may love people, shown by a forward flowing hand, but you may sometimes take a sorry way to show it, indicated by tactlessness as revealed in the letters getting larger at the ends of your words.

By and large, pick out the several traits that make your writing different from the copy-book kind you were taught in school, and you will see your outstanding characteristics. Dig up a specimen of your writing of some years past, and see what the main changes are. Have you gained ground or lost it in the development of your personality?

Marguerite Barze's articles on graphology, a field in which she has established a reputation, and her aptitude tests have appeared in several publications. She has made numerous radio appearances. In private life she is Mrs. Roland Detling Barze of Atlanta.

NEITHER FISH NOR FOWL

On one occasion when Dr. Wu Ting-Fang was Chinese envoy to the United States, he was dressed in a mandarin robe and traveling by train. Seated opposite Dr. Wu were two old ladies who kept staring at him while they engaged in a heated conversation. Finally one of them addressed Dr. Wu: "Pardon me, but would you mind deciding an argument? Are you a man or are you a woman?" Dr. Wu stood up and, bowing with Oriental courtesy and dignity, replied: "Madame, I am a ladies' man."

—Lee Barfield

What they probably would have loved doing—these individuals mentioned below—would have been to grasp the prospective employer firmly by the collar and bellow into his ear, "See here, you old curmudgeon, give me that job or I'll bash you in the head!" But they didn't. With admirable restraint they adopted peaceful strategy—and each got the job.

THEY GOT THE JOB

"LOTS OF the Situations Wanted ads describe jobs I'd like to fill. Some of the chaps who advertise probably get several offers but, not being twins, can accept only one. I'll write to some of these fellows and suggest that they tip me off about the openings they can't go after." Others beside Irving Lake had tried this idea, but with poor results. In fact, the young Atlantan had heard about several instances where this fine-sounding scheme had been a failure. But he possessed enough knowledge of human nature to guess why—they'd wanted something for nothing. In his letters he made this offer: if he got a job through any lead they provided, he'd pay them a week's salary. Several took him up on it and before long he was sending a check with an appropriate little note of thanks to an unknown amateur employment agent.



A SALES promotion executive, temporarily "at large," reasoned it out this way. A banker loans money and is, therefore, interested in the success of all businesses for which he acts as creditor. Moreover, a banker would know the weaknesses of such businesses. Therefore, why wouldn't it logically follow that such a banker would be eager to place a capable man in an organization which was indebted to the bank—especially if that man showed evidence of being able to make a losing business do an about-face and show a profit? Follow-

ing this reasoning to the letter, the sales promotion executive approached one of his banker friends. Today, his name is high up on the pay roll of one of that banker's clients—and debtors.



AT THE top of the letter three small snapshots were pasted. One showed a girl at a desk, answering the telephone. In the second picture she was typing. In the third she was greeting a caller. These photographs and the terse captions under them told that she was a receptionist and that she could type.

Such was the ingenious pictorial application Gladys Hogan sent to Pittsburgh employers. Presumably the fact that Miss Hogan is quite an attractive girl, plus the additional fact that all three of the pictures did her full justice, in no way diminished her chances. As a matter of fact, the number of replies she received indicates that the very clever Chinese who said "A picture is worth ten thousand words" knew whereof he spoke.



THERE'S an axiom in offices to the effect that it takes three months before a new employee is worth his salt. Reflecting on this and on the fact that a busy man abhors the task of training a new girl when his secretary marries and leaves his office, Wilton Stone wrote the following letter to Baltimore businessmen: "You won't have to worry about me. I'm already married—and I'm a man." Stone received several humorous responses, one of which, it developed, had serious and permanent employment intentions.



BECAUSE most of us like to talk about ourselves, Robert Macomber didn't have as discouraging a time in crashing the sanctums of Akron businessmen as other unknown callers. He came, ostensibly, merely to ask "How did you get your first job?" The question turned out to be an intriguing one, and many a busy businessman took time off to dwell at some length on the shrewd tactics he employed in making his start. Macomber, for his part, simply explained that he was searching for practical ideas he might use, and subtly implied that he wouldn't be averse to emulating his interviewee's success. One of these men gave him a note to an executive whose firm had an opening and Macomber clinched the job. "I knew I'd find one if I made enough calls," he said.

Readers are invited to contribute to "They Got the Job." A payment of $5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

HEARING THE MOANS, HE KNEW TOO WELL HE DID NOT CARE FOR THIS WAZINZA VARIETY OF TORTURE: A SHORT STORY



LANK YANK'S JOKE

by HAROLD DE POLO

LANK YANK ORTON did not object to dying. It was the manner of his ending that displeased him. Finicky, perhaps. He would die before a monarch seated on a throne, to the beating of hundreds of drums and with thousands of warriors witnessing the spectacle. Most adventurers might not have disliked this mode of exit, especially as immediate doom was inevitable. But the king was an African tribal chieftain, the music from the crude tom toms would be discordant and not martial, and the hordes of black fighting men would be jeering instead of standing at attention to pay honor to an enemy. Besides, Orton was definitely certain that, for the first time in his life, his nerves would visibly go to pieces. He would become, indubitably, a crazed, shrieking, semi-human monstrosity just as Big Olaf and Trigger Smith had.

An insane cry of terror-stricken pain—a penetrating sound that shrilled through the jungle and caused a distant group of monkeys to chatter an answer—forced Yank Orton to use all his self-control in order to mask his emotions. That would be Wambu, almost the last of his native carriers finished off, he figured.

No—very much no—Orton did *not* want to die under the Wazinza torture!

"The exalted and kindly ruler, Baraka, has generously inquired if the Merikani is enjoying the pageant?" asked Uzinzi, the interpreter, in the coast dialect with which Orton was fluent.

Lank Yank, schooled as he was in maintaining his attitude of bored imperturbability, yawned lazily. He drawled, in his twang

that had never quite lost a certain nasal quality:

"Tell this dog of a Baraka that he has not the imagination of a water buffalo. It is always the same, this stupid method of killing. I am becoming fatigued."

Orton had to make an effort to keep from smiling, as he said this. Sameness? He had never seen such ingenuity in his life, when it came to putting enemies to the torture. Baraka, he noticed, was somewhat disturbed, somewhat nonplussed, at the message the interpreter was conveying to him. He had a laughable, a ludicrous expression, on his flat, wide-nosed face. He did not answer the interpreter. He sat with his lower jaw hanging, his eyes hurt and puzzled.

Lank Yank had to fight hard to keep his chest from heaving with desire—desire to have his hands free and not bound behind him, desire to sink the fingers of those hands around that fat black throat. Damn his luck—damn all their luck. Why had they stripped and taken that bath in that sandy bayou in the river without leaving *one* of the three white men on guard?

A ghostly screech interrupted his thoughts. That would be the women working on Wambu. Crimus sakes alive—as his grandfather used to say in Vermont—but just wait until those gals got to work on *him! Damned* if he'd die like that!

Then Orton made his move. He said to Uzinzi, in the harsh tone of command he used with African tribes:

"I have decided to grant a wonderful medicine boon to your stupid master, Baraka. Tell your warriors to step back. I am bound; I cannot escape; I cannot do harm. I would stand!"

A rapid flow of words from Uzinzi, a guttural grunt from Baraka, a wail of dissent, it was plain, from M'yonga the witch doctor. Then a snort of excited rage from the Wazinza ruler and the warriors stepped back.

Orton felt relieved. He had beaten the witch doctor with the first card he had played.

Then, leisurely, the adventurer rose to his feet, towering a good six or eight inches over the tallest warriors surrounding him. He very deliberately kept his back turned on Baraka. He said to Uzinzi, in the casual manner of a man mentioning how he likes his eggs served to him in the morning:

"Tell this pig of a Baraka that I am not in the mood to die today. Tell him that I have only now made up my mind that he, in

turn, need not die until he so wishes. Tell him that I shall arrange it so that even the spears and arrows and rifles of the great and conquering Rumanika will not be allowed to touch him! . . . I have spoken!"

Then, as he heard Uzinzi speaking to his master, he could tell from the somewhat awed voice of the interpreter that the latter was properly impressed. And presently Uzinzi replied. His voice was no longer suave, superior.

"Even against the spears and arrows, the rifles and witch doctors of Rumanika, can my master be protected?"

"Against *all* the medicines of *all* the witch doctors," snapped Lank Yank. "Against *all* bullets from *all* rifles, did I not say, fool?"

Uzinzi was speaking again, in a moment, and there was an undercurrent of excitement, of anxiety to see the magic of the white man, in his voice:

"O Powerful Lord of Merikani, my master Baraka would know of what composes this medicine."

Lank Yank looked grave. He still kept his back on Baraka. Get a customer asking questions about a product, he was telling himself, and you've started selling. He said, sagely:

"It is an ointment!"

"The ingredients of this ointment, my wise master Baraka will no doubt desire to know"

"That he cannot be told," said Orton, with a shake of his head. "Even I do not know. It is made, with great care, with great secrecy, by the highest witch doctors in my country of Merikani!"

"It is on your person?"

"No, it is in the box in my duffle bag, the blue one with my name on it in black letters. It is in the palace of Baraka, I believe, with my other belongings."

There was tense talk between Uzinzi and Baraka. Although Orton did not understand the Wazinza dialect, he was certain that he knew the drift of the conversation, particularly as M'yonga had joined in. Why not get the ointment and then kill him?

Briefly, he put a stop to the idea. He spoke idly, as if to himself:

"Yes, it is all-protective, when applied with the saying of the prayer taught by our witch doctors. I am one of the few warriors who know this prayer. I have never told it to another. Baraka will be the first!"

It stopped them, all right. Then Uzinzi said to Orton, craftily:

"And what is the demand of the Merikani warrior in exchange

for this witch medicine?"

"First, of course, my life!"

"That, of a certainty, I can say will be granted."

Orton grinned inwardly at this immediate answer. That had been the one thing they *would* promise him, he knew. Pretty easy to bump him off, they figured, after he'd given them the ointment and taught Baraka the mysterious incantation of the learned Merikani witch doctors. He nodded:

"It is well!"

"Is there another demand?" asked Uzinzi, somewhat eagerly, no doubt currying favor with his chief by trying to handle this situation expeditiously.

"I want two tons of ivory," said Lank Yank. "Two tons of the finest grade of ivory, I must specify. I have spoken!"

Again there was talk between Uzinzi and Baraka. Again, too, Orton was fairly sure he could judge what was being said. Promise this white warrior anything. He could be killed later.

"The shrewd Baraka says that this is much ivory, but that he is willing to be generous for so great a medicine as the Merikani offers," said Uzinzi. "But he will want to know one thing, I believe. *How are we to prove that this ointment is all-powerful as is maintained?*"

Orton spoke a little louder, carefully weighing each word with native Vermont caution.

"I want the ointment brought me," he commanded. "I want my hands untied. I want to apply it to my forehead myself. Then I will stand up and allow Baraka or any of his warriors to fire at me with any rifles they wish to use! They must fire only at my forehead, though, where I shall rub on this ointment! . . . Will *that* prove that my medicine is all-powerful, fool, when you see these bullets glance from my head?" he ended triumphantly.

He saw the interpreter's eyes widen, and then heard him let loose a fast, tumbling, vociferous torrent of speech at Baraka. Even M'yonga, he could see, was gazing at him in envious awe.

"My master desires to be sure that you will teach him the right prayer to say when putting on his medicine," said Uzinzi finally.

"Fool! How could I trick him?" laughed Orton. "The words are simple; they are few; there are only three! He can hear me say them when I apply the ointment, can he not? I have spoken!"

Even before Uzinzi answered—he had managed to glance at Baraka's face that was now rapt, eager—Lank Yank knew immed-

iately that he had won that play.

"It is well, my master Baraka says," the interpreter told him, as anxious as a child on Christmas morning to see this medicine of the white man.

The bonds binding his arms behind him, then, were cut. Pretty nice to get his hands free. They were stiff. His blood started to circulate. Then he said, his shoulders and his head thrown back proudly:

"I desire your heaviest shield, the long one with the three layers of rhinoceros hide. I desire this with which to shield the rest of my body while your men are firing at my forehead."

Orton paused. He was sure, as he scrutinized Baraka's ugly features, that the black ruler was thinking that no man would dare make so many demands unless he truly had the most powerful medicine ever concocted.

"Send for the box of magic medicine," commanded Orton suddenly. He added, even more curtly: "I desire that the shield be brought at the same time, too."

"It shall be done, Great Merikani," said Uzinzi.

When they had brought the shield and the box, Lank Yank unscrewed the top of the ointment container with an expression on his face that he tried hard to make as near reverent as he knew how.

At a gesture from Baraka, a dozen warriors with English rifles came out from the compound to cover him while he taught Baraka the witch doctor prayer. Baraka, fat to obesity, clambered down from his throne and waved his subjects away. Uzinzi left, M'-yonga left, all left, backing away a good hundred feet or more.

Only the riflemen stayed closer. Excellent marksmen, too, this picked bunch of Wazinza, Orton had heard.

"My master Baraka signifies that you are to now tell him the prayer," shouted out Uzinzi, as the fleshy black ruler raised a hand above his head.

Lank Yank Orton, as if it were a matter of the most vital import, first secured the rhinoceros shield and hung it over his arm. Then, with his free hand, he dipped his fingers into the salve and began to smear it over his face and forehead. He said, slowly, distinctly, trying to make his voice sound as sepulchral as possible:

"Good poker, kid!"

He heard Baraka repeat the phrase. He saw Baraka motion that he was to say it again. He did say it again. Orton wished

he'd hurry and learn it. The stench of the stuff was horrible. He remembered that he'd joked with the physician about it, when the medical man had given it to him to use for the bite of the dreaded tzetze fly.

Baraka, at last, stepped away as he kept on trying to say "good poker, kid" over and over. Then Orton stood up very straight, like a soldier at attention, and covered his body as best he could with the shield. He cried out firmly:

"Tell the warriors to fire."

He heard Uzinzi speak, shrilly. Then he heard a roar of rifles.

As Lank Yank Orton pitched forward, his head riddled by bullets, there was a smile of dry New England humor on his face. The last thought in his brain had been that he had played the greatest joke that he had ever conceived in his life.

He had avoided torture. He had outwitted a savage and cunning black ruler and ten thousand of his fighting men. And he had placed a stigma on Baraka that would cause him to be laughed from his throne and territory, fooled by the medicine of the Merikani.

THE OLDEST LIVING THING

The oldest living thing on earth is an old cypress tree in a churchyard at Santa Maria del Tule, Mexico. Its age is estimated to be probably six thousand years, possibly more. Its main trunk towers upward one hundred and twenty-six feet; the topmost branches have long since fallen off. Its circumference is one hundred and twenty-five feet. Twenty men standing at the base with arms outstretched can barely measure around the trunk.

Discovered in 1805 and reported to scientific circles, the tree was believed by many to be a myth. A society in Philadelphia demanded proof, sent down a long cord asking that it be stretched around the tree chest-high, cut to exact measurements and returned. Later, explorers with instruments and cameras verified the mammoth proportions of the tree.

Gnarled and grizzled with age, the old cypress began its growth well over four thousand years before the birth of Christ.

—C. T. Parker

It would be so much easier if animals could read. Then they would know just how to act and would be able to follow the behavior patterns which man has assigned to them. But animals can't read, and so odd incidents such as those narrated below keep occurring.

NOT OF OUR SPECIES

PENGUINS HAVE a fixed routine for digging their burrows—so long as nobody helps them. Their usual procedure is to loosen the dirt with their feet and flippers, then slide forward and kick the debris out of the burrow.

Once when naturalist Cherry Kearton was visiting Dassen Island, on which live millions of black foot penguins, he decided to help a pair of the birds with their excavating. While he reached into the burrow and loosened the dirt, the penguins stood by watching.

As soon as sufficient dirt was loosened, the penguins quickly entered the burrow, and kicked out the loosened earth. Then they stepped aside and stood waiting for Kearton to go back to work. For some time the man and the penguins worked in shifts.

When Kearton left, the penguins did no digging for some time, apparently hoping that the human blasting machine would go back to work.



WHEN A certain Dr. Brown of Scotland purchased a shepherd bitch by the name of Wylie, he thought that he was taking the dog from a life of toil to one of bones and biscuits. But Wylie also had opinions.

Every Tuesday night she disappeared, only to return on Wednesday afternoon. After long investigation, the mystery was solved. At daybreak on each Wednesday morning the dog arrived at the sheep pens adjoining a

market place miles from the Brown home.

All morning she helped the shepherds herd their flocks, then at noon started for home. To the day of her death, years later, she continued in her self-imposed task, never working any other time but Wednesday morning.

Perhaps it was a gesture against the dole system.



SHOT BY hunters, a female monkey was carried into a tent. Soon several members of her tribe began to advance toward the camp. They made wild gestures, and chattered loudly. Not until they were faced by a gun did they stop.

Then one monkey detached himself from the group and came forward alone. When he approached, it was observed that he displayed what seemed to be signs of grief. As an experiment, the body of the female was brought from the tent and laid on the ground before him.

Slowly the monkey took up the body and walked away with it in his arms. The other monkeys followed behind, like a funeral procession.

Zoölogist Watson recounted the story without comment.



WHY ONE particular cock, owned by Rev. James Wood, should be hated and ostracized by the other barnyard animals is a question no member of the genus homo can answer.

When the cock was driven from its food and was in danger of starvation, the family spaniel intervened. He drove off the other birds, and stood guard over the food until the cock had eaten what it wanted.

At last the animosity against the cock became so strong that it was necessary to feed him inside the dog's kennel. Finally the other fowls flew upon the bird in a mass assault. Seriously injured, he managed to reach the dog's kennel.

Next morning the spaniel was still pressed close to the lifeless cock, unable to protect it from death.

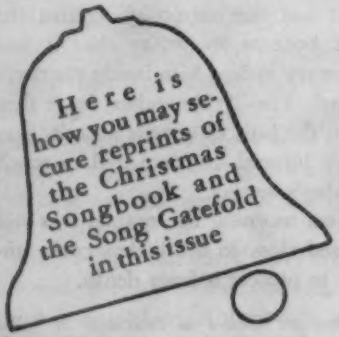
Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of $5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

During the past few months a substantial number of men and women have been making welcome additions to their incomes by introducing Coronet to others. Perhaps you would care to join them during the coming holiday season. If so, you may write to Department C, Coronet, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and you will receive all necessary particulars concerning this new extra-income plan.

REF. STACK 5

Come one, come all The bottom half of this page has been cheerfully donated by the editorial department to the business department for the festive purpose of expediting the ordering of reprints of the Christmas Songbook. This transaction has been taken completely out of our jurisdiction because it involves the handling of money. It is doubtless assumed that, if left to us, we would perpetrate some characteristically appalling act of financial bewilderment.

There being absolutely no money involved, however, it falls within the province of the editorial department to announce that free copies of the gatefold reproductions in this issue will be mailed, unfolded, upon request. Ordinarily, this offer applies to any of the three gatefolds in an issue. In this instance, the Raymond Scott gatefold is tied up with the Songbook reprint offer described below; consequently, free reprints can be offered only with respect to the Dale Nichols painting facing page 18 and the stained glass window reproduction facing page 90.



That your friends may join you in song this holiday season, provisions have been made to pass on a limited quantity of extra copies of the Songbook to Coronet readers. Reprints will be supplied at cost, a charge of 10c in coin or stamps being required to cover the expense, including postage, wrapping and handling. Each order will consist of the complete 16-page Christmas Songbook, together with the gatefold Christmas carol by Raymond Scott.

Clip and Mail This Coupon

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